

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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ARE THE AGED A PRIVILEGED ORDER!

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BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.
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METHINKS I hear some readers of this pleasant periodical exclaim, "What a singular subject this essayist has chosen! There must have been a paucity of themes that so bare a theory should have been resorted to."

But in reality, has age, that most unlovely season of life, any privileges, emoluments, or immunities, inherent in itself, to justify the assumption in our title? Let us examine.

It had, in ancient times, a distinction sanctioned by Divine authority. This, however, has, by some modern nations, been counted obsolete. Our own, which has been pronounced, by observant foreigners, deficient in the sentiment of respect, is perhaps not heedful of the command to "reverence the hoary head, and rise up before the face of the old man." Waiving, therefore, any undue tenacity on this point, which, possibly, in a republic might be construed into an order of nobility, it might be as well for the aged to strike these colors from the main-mast and be content to sail with the tide.

After resigning this charter what remains? First, the wealth of experience. Take good note of possession. Are not the whole beautiful and ever-moving world of the young in poverty for the want of it? See them searching, trying, tasting, snatching at garlands and grasping nettles and thorns, chasing meteors, fighting wind-mills, in danger of being swallowed up by quick-sands. The evidence of others they will not take. The knowledge they need they have not attained. But the aged, through toil and hazard, through the misery of mistake, or the pains of penitence, have won it. It is theirs—gold dust, well washed, sometimes in fountains of tears. "Bought wit is best," says the proverb. If they have bought theirs too dear, that is their own concern. They paid for it out of their own pockets. Young people need not grudge or despise it.

Have the aged any peculiar sources of revenue? These may, of course, be negative, as well as positive, in the things cast off, as well as in those amassed. They are supposed to have dissolved

partnership with personal vanity, and that was always a losing concern. Time and toil spent at the toilet, with the hope of admiration, are rescued for higher purposes. With them is no exciting consciousness of personal attraction, no bewilderment from flattery, no unamiable competition in the arena of fashion or extravagance. The full amount of gain, both in leisure and tranquillity, thus occurring, those who were once the most beautiful and the most vain are the best qualified to tell. Yet all might probably find some relief from thus loosening the clutches of self-conceit.

Does not Envy decline to follow the aged? One would think it were time. "Sixty years old," says a spirited author, "is a good era to write a book. We have then learned what mankind are, and Envy leaves us at peace." "Who is able to stand before Envy!" exclaimed the wise monarch of Israel. Her leer unnerves action as much as her frown darkens merit. Age, however grave its companionship, should be welcomed if it puts to flight such an enemy.

Are not the aged respite from the bondage of money-getting? This is surely a gain, for the science of accumulation, as pursued in this land, is slavery. The hoary headed ought to taste the luxury of enfranchisement. Man, in the vigor of his prime, having made wealth his chief object of pursuit, rises early, and late takes rest, and eats the bread of carefulness; but when he is solemnly assured that the time is near when he must leave behind what he has gathered, he looks upward for rest. Happy if he may there contemplate treasures laid up in heaven.

Is not the overmastering force of the passions broken for the old? Are they as irascible at opposition as when the rushing current of life, like a cataract, battled with all obstacles? The anger that shook the strong man like a reed, does it tarry with them? Are they, as of yore, led in blind captivity by

"Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train—
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain!"

If a more serene, self-sustained philosophy is the concomitant of age, should it not be numbered

among gifts for which to be grateful? If through their inevitable position they are recipients of that condensed, unrusting gold, styled experience, and are gainers in time and tranquil temperament, and are relieved from many vexing labors, and lose some dangerous enemies, may they not justly lay claim to the immunities of a privileged order?

But not in exemptions alone do the advantages of age consist. One precious material ought to be more abundant with them than in life's earlier seasons. Absence of selfishness is one of the chief elements of happiness; and have they not more helps to become disinterested than at some other points of their pilgrimage? The young acquire accomplishments to be admired; the old strive to be agreeable that they may please or edify others. The young seek knowledge to become distinguished in future life; the old are impelled to devote to the good of others that which they have attained. The man of mature years is bent on the increase of wealth as a means of influence; the study of the old should rather be how to dispense it wisely. Their business is to shower back upon the earth the blessings they have received, having henceforth no further expectation, save of a couch upon her bosom. Their investments being less in hazard from her mutations, their happiness ought to be more independent and complete.

If to compensate for visible losses through the declension of time, there are correspondent gains less obvious yet vastly important—it concerns them to understand their comparative amount, that they may be able to balance the books, ere the Master calleth for an account of their stewardship. An ancient writer has forcibly inquired, if it can be supposed that Nature, after having wisely distributed to all the preceding portions of life their peculiar and proper enjoyments, should have neglected, like an indolent poet, the last act of the human drama, and left it destitute of suitable advantages?

No! unerring Goodness has not so ordained. Every season of human life has its inherent fitness for the end it was intended to serve. The charms of youth, like the blossoms of spring, glow among the grass blades and the boughs that are to be fruit-laden. Maturity toils with its reaping hook, and Age, like a favored guest, has a right and a rest in the garner. There it awaiteth *His* coming—the Lord of the harvest; not unmindful of its privileges, and ready to restore this mysterious gift of life when he shall call, that it may enter on a higher stage of existence, where there is neither decline nor death.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

COMPANY offers many temptations to sin. If you would preserve a good conscience in the sight of God, remember that he, the majesty of heaven and earth, is present; and that in such a situation a solemn awe becomes you.

MY AUNT'S ADVICE ABOUT BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

BY MRS. SUSAN W. JEWETT.

I HOPE I shall be forgiven for quoting my aunt as authority in various matters. It is a habit I have fallen into, and it originated, no doubt, in a certain feeling of reverence with which she inspired me in my early life, when she stood in the place of mother to me. I used to wonder why she never married, little appreciating, in my childhood, her unselfish devotion to me and my orphan brothers and sisters. The only return I could make her for her many sacrifices for me, was to offer her a home with me for her declining years. Still, this was only to introduce her to a new set of cares and responsibilities; for I had a family of little children, all about the same age; and being somewhat pinched in fortune, of course my duties were manifold and arduous. My aunt appreciated fully all my labors and anxieties, and was always ready with her help and her counsel. My children owe her much, but their mother more than she can repay.

Poor, hard-working, harassed, and, oftentimes, sick and broken-down mother, from morning to night and from night to morning without rest or repose, sleeping with one eye and ear open, up and down through the whole night, and night after night, tried in so many ways by the sickness, the willfulness, the carelessness, and the mischievous propensities of these little household comforts, who are always active—undoing what you have just done, and doing what they ought not to do, I know how to pity you. I have been through it all. But take comfort. By and by you shall reap your reward, if you faint not. I know that the domestic life of a quiet, unobtrusive, and in no wise remarkable woman, can have no interest except to simple minds, who may read their own histories therein, and, perhaps, find help and strength from the wisdom, or, it may be, from the mistakes of others. It is for those who can understand and sympathize with me that I now write. I married young, because I was in love—for no other reason whatever. This was in my favor, but every thing else seemed to be against me. Poverty, youth, inexperience, and, worse than all, a want of maturity of character, seldom met with in one of my years, rendered it unwise in the extreme for me to assume the duties and responsibilities of married life. But I was determined to marry, and I married. My brothers and sisters were all settled in life and were very happy, and why should I remain single when so good an opportunity—for so I thought it—offered for me to change my condition? I had reached the age of seventeen. My lover had just passed his twenty-first birthday. Who should interpose to separate us? My aunt advised—remonstrated gently upon our haste; suggested that as we were both so young, it would be better to wait till Henry was established in business—he was then but a clerk on a small salary—but we were not to be reasoned

out of our decision by one whose age and condition of single blessedness could give her no clew to the right apprehension of our feelings. She found that we were determined, and did the next best thing she could, which was to prepare us, as far as possible, for the new sphere upon which we were to enter.

I loved my aunt, and, as I said before, I revered her judgment and respected her feelings. It was only on this point that I was headstrong. I thought the happiness of my whole life was at stake. It was with me, marry the being beloved and be supremely happy, renounce him or be forever miserable. I was full of all sorts of romantic notions. Poverty seemed the least of all evils; privation and self-sacrifice were just what I desired, to prove the depths of my devotion. I saw that the lives of many married people of narrow means were matter of fact and hard realities; but that, I thought, must proceed from some fault in themselves. They lacked taste, refinement, sentiment, something that would poetize existence—something that I possessed, and perhaps they did not marry for love. My aunt used sometimes to repeat the old adage, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window;" but these were mere words to my ear and produced no impression.

I married and went to housekeeping. My aunt furnished my house and made her home with me. We lived in a small country village. Our house was externally simple and plain enough; but it had plenty of ground about it, and was embowered in trees. The blossoms were just opening in the spring, and the air was sweet with their perfume, when, with a heart swelling with love and happiness, and a fancy thronging with delicious dreams of the future, I took possession of my new home—my paradise.

I began to "keep house," as the phrase is. I had been but a few months from school, and had not been long initiated into the mysteries of domestic economy. I had some practical knowledge of what was called house-work, for my aunt had no servants; but she was so good a manager, so systematic and so orderly, that every thing seemed to go on by clock-work, and the mysteries of the science of housekeeping had never been revealed to me. I thought it all came by nature. My own experiments soon convinced me that I was mistaken. My aunt left me to myself, seldom obtruding her advice unless it was asked, knowing that we must be wise for ourselves and gain knowledge by our own experience, if we would enlarge our capacities and become strong for the battle of life. At this age I may well say battle. Thirty years have passed; yes, thirty years this very spring, since, with light step and beating heart, I set my foot upon my own door-stone, on a bright May morning, amidst the odor of blossoms and the music of birds, a young wife of seventeen, full of health and hope—full of poetry, and romance, and love. Has not life been a conflict? I would not have had it otherwise.

Blessed be God, who has given me the victory through faith and trust in him!

I am not going to give a detail of my married life. The dissolving views of my vivid imagination, and my experience of disappointment and trial, have been similar to those of many others. Realities usurped the place of visions; the necessity of work compelled me to relinquish my day dreaming; cares and anxiety, sometimes absolute need, nipped my young romance in the bud; the hero of my fancy sunk to the level of a mortal man, with all a man's imperfections: moonlight came and went, flowers blossomed and faded, sunrise and sunset glowed unheeded amidst the multitude of my sublunary duties—cooking, sweeping, washing, ironing—children to be fed and clothed, and nurtured—this was my daily life for many a year, intermingled, it is true, with many events and emotions, awakening a sense of joy and gratitude, and not unmarked with sorrows and tears, which chastened and subdued my heart, and revealed the great purposes of life to my struggling soul.

A year from the time of my first inauguration into a home of my own, just at that very season, which has always been the one eventful season of my life—spring—my cup of happiness was filled to overflowing by the birth of a little boy. He came with the buds and blossoms, the sunshine and the dew—my bud of blessing, my bud of promise, my beautiful, my first-born child. My capacity for happiness was now full. This was something deeper than I had ever yet known; something of which, till it was known, I had never even dreamed. Fresh and pure from the good Father my boy's soul seemed a bright link in the chain which bound together earth and heaven. I took the sole charge of him; I could hardly trust him out of my sight a moment, not even with my aunt, hardly with my husband. I carried his little cradle with me wherever I was at work—in the kitchen, in the parlor, in the garden. Wherever I was compelled to stay, there my boy was also. I dressed him in snowy white. I did not allow a stain of earth to remain upon him. In the long summer days, when my household work was done, I would take my sewing and sit under the shade of the trees, with the basket wagon beside me in which lay my idol. My work would fall idly by my side, while, encircled with a halo of happiness, I sat and watched him as he lay, with upturned eyes—eyes which seemed to have caught from heaven "their brightness and their hue"—the shadows of the leaves dancing over his fair face, and his little hands outspread to catch the golden threads of light that shot through the intertwined boughs. I gazed upon him with a fullness of rapture that only a mother's heart can understand; with a depth of love that no words can utter, and only God, who made the heart, can fathom. I did not want any thing more than that the present might last forever. It was enough. It was too much. My full heart overflowed in prayers of gratitude to Him who had made my life so rich.

I wondered that my aunt looked sadly upon me sometimes, as I called upon her to admire my darling. I pitied her, that she could not understand the bliss of maternal love. As the child grew older and could run alone, my anxiety increased, lest some danger should overtake him, or lest he should fall and be hurt, and perhaps inflict lasting injury upon himself.

"Do not make yourself uneasy," my aunt would often say to me. "Trust the boy out of your sight sometimes; leave something to God's providence. What if he does fall? An occasional tumble will do him good. How is he ever to learn to take care of himself? And don't be afraid to let him get in the dirt. A little dirt is wholesome for children. Indeed, I am of the opinion that it is absolutely necessary to their health. Let him play in the dirt as other children do. It will make him fat and rosy. And don't be trying to teach him so much while he is so young. Stop telling him stories and singing him songs, unless it may be some of Mother Goose. You make him too old for his years. You are trying to make him too perfect."

But I did not heed this sensible advice. I wanted to see him perfect. I delighted in his intelligence. My maternal pride gloried in his remarkable quickness—the thoughtfulness his observations indicated, and I encouraged him to talk and to ask questions. I talked with him, read to him, sang to him, racked my invention for stories and songs to please him. And when he was restless and wakeful at night—alas! how often was this the case, for his active mind was feeding upon the vitality of his frail body—he used to call for a story, and lie perhaps for an hour or more wide awake, his attention on the stretch to hear me talk, while I, for very weariness, forgot half the time what I was saying, and would go to sleep with an unfinished sentence dying upon my lips.

"He will be a poet, aunt," I used often to say; "can't you read it in his eye? Can't you see it in the play of his beautiful features? And his remarks are so wise, so bewitching, so unlike the every-day sayings of common children." And then I would repeat the little things he had said about sailing away on the white clouds to God's world, or sleeping in the lily's cradle, and hearing the blue-bells ring in the wind. O, will he not be a poet, I asked again and again, if, while he is but a mere baby, he has such an insight into nature! And then how fond he was of flowers; not of pulling them to pieces as most children do, but of wreathing them in his little hat, and putting them in his bosom—cherishing them as if they had life and could return his love.

"I wish he would pull them to pieces, for my part," said my aunt; "it is more natural and more childlike."

"And can you say, aunt," I asked with surprise; "can you say that you had rather my boy would be like the dirty little fellow we saw just now digging in the sand, besmeared from head to foot with

clay and dust, hair disheveled, face and hands filthy, barefooted, bareheaded, and apparently as much of a clod as the ground he is grubbing in?"

"I had rather see our little Willie in just such a plight," replied my aunt. "Don't slander our mother earth, whose ample bosom affords nourishment to our mortal bodies, for on that sure foundation our feet must stand firmly if we would attain to the perfect stature of maturity. Healthy children love the dirt, not because it is dirt; for to them it is not so; they love it because it is needful to them. The garden loam is fragrant to their senses. Is it not so to yours, when the spring rains sink deep and penetrate, with their grateful moisture, the teeming soil? Let them grub, if you choose to call it so, in the dirt. Water will wash out the stains. Let children grub, and leave them alone in their grubbing. Don't try to make them too wise, unless, indeed, you are educating them for another world. Don't anticipate their desire for knowledge. Wait till they ask, before you begin to feed their minds."

"But, aunt, Willie is healthy," I replied, half doubtingly; "he has never been sick in his life. Why do you talk of educating him for another world?"

"Because, in all my experience, I have found that this overtaking the young brain, and forcing the mind too early to think and reflect, was unnatural and unhealthy. Remember, my dear, Willie is not your child, but God's. There are certain laws, physical and mental, plain enough to understand, if we will look at them with a single eye to truth, which can not be disregarded in the bringing up of children. Human creatures are not all spirit. We have natural bodies, fitted to this world, which must be properly taken care of. A little dirt—a little wholesome freedom is necessary to this end, and a confidence in the protection of a kind Father. Leave more to God, more to time, more to nature. Sacrifice your maternal pride and fondness to the health of your darling, or mother earth will claim her own, and the immortal spirit seek its kindred in the skies and leave you bereft of your idol."

But I was not warned. The temptation was too great, the delight too exquisite, of watching the expanding of this immortal germ. He had passed his third year, a creature of beauty and promise, but unlike a child. He was my constant companion. I had then no other to share my maternal affection. His little footsteps followed mine as an echo. He was always by my side. If I worked he remained near by, plying me with questions. If I sewed, he would bring his little chair and read from his picture story-book; and, at night, he slept with his little arms entwined about my neck. My joy in him sometimes amounted to pain. I thought, what if God should take him from me, could I live without him? I felt that it would be impossible. God knew my heart better than I knew it.

Three years from the birth of my child, with spring and sunshine to the earth, came trouble and

care to my home. My husband received an injury, caused by a fall from his horse, which disabled him from business for a year. As our sole dependence was upon his small salary, it was hard for us to get along. The birth of another child rendered it very difficult for me to perform my duties to my family; and my aunt's means, which had been sufficient a few years back, were now diminished by the failure of a brother, to whom she had intrusted almost the whole of her property. Now came the reality of life to me. My household duties were increased, and my physical strength very much impaired. The anxieties of my mind robbed me of my former buoyancy. My poor husband was depressed and irritable at being disabled and incapable of furnishing a comfortable support for his family. In the midst of these trials a heavier cloud burst upon me. My first born began to droop and lose his wonted animation. He would sit by the hour in his little chair, gazing with his large blue eyes into the fire, and occasionally interrupting me at my work with some question so mysteriously deep that it startled me, and filled me with painful forebodings. How it made my heart ache to be compelled to turn him off, no longer to be able to take him on my knee and hold him to my bosom! I could hardly feel grateful to God for the new life he had intrusted to my care, because the little one seemed to have usurped the place that belonged to my boy. I could not endure his earnest, patient, longing glance, or to see his weary head leaning against his chair or upon his little hand in uncomplaining weakness. I longed for summer to come, for I thought its soft, balmy air would revive him. "I will let him play in the dirt as much as he will, aunt," said I, "but O the weeks are so long; it seems as if June would never be here!"

But it did come at length, and the whole earth was clothed with beauty. Surely, I thought, my sweet Willie will revive now, and the roses will bloom again on his cheek. Surely the summer will restore my husband also, and then, I thought, I shall be so grateful. I shall love the good God more than ever; for I shall feel more than ever before how much I owe him.

My aunt shook her head sadly. "We should be grateful to God for our trials, my child," said she, "and love the hand that smites us in mercy."

"But if he should take from me my Willie, aunt?"

"Still should you love him and be grateful that you have had him so long."

"O no! Any thing but this, aunt," I exclaimed. "Any thing but to lose my boy, my angel child. Poverty, hard work, privation—any thing but to lose Willie. It would kill me; it would break my heart. He must not die." Then I would take him in my arms and walk through the garden, and sit with him under the trees. I did not dare talk with him. I evaded his questions. I tried to make myself a child for his sake to amuse him; but "his eyes were with his soul, and that was far away." He waxed paler and paler. His form grew every

day more light. Still he wore a patient smile—still clung to me as to his all in life; and when he could not speak, he fixed upon me his earnest eye, that seemed to read my soul and understand its anguish. My baby was so good—thank God! yes, I see how great a blessing it was now—that I could leave her and devote myself wholly to my sick boy. I will not tell how I watched, and prayed, and struggled to attain submission. I felt that he was dying. Sometimes the thought of losing him would rush upon me with such power that I would fling myself in utter agony upon the ground and pray, "O, my Father, let this cup pass from me!" I tried, but I could not say the rest, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

It was at the close of a summer day. Willie had been lying nearly all the afternoon upon his crib in a state of stupor. A sudden change seemed to spread over his features. I thought it was death. I called my aunt hastily. She looked sadly. "It is a slight convulsion," she said, and hastily prepared to administer the proper remedies. It passed away, but left him weak and almost unconscious. "I will watch with him a while," said my aunt, "while you put the baby to sleep. You must not neglect the little babe." I bent down to take a last look at my boy. "Good-night," he whispered. It was his last good-night to me—a night of darkness to my soul. The morning brought its sunshine to the earth; but to me, for weary months, there came no morning. To me the earth had lost its beauty, the heavens their brightness. My home and my heart were desolate. I could not say, "Thy will be done." I did my duties mechanically, and because I was compelled to. But I longed to die that I might be once more united to my child.

Gradually, however, my grief was softened. sorrow left me, but it left me not the being I was before. Something had gone from my life which time could not restore. Children were born to me, and my heart welcomed them all with gratitude; but one place was yet vacant. As my responsibilities increased I became less anxious and troubled, and my little boys and girls were not deprived of the privileges they so much enjoyed of playing, as all children like to do, according to their own fancy, even if soiled faces and clothes were the consequence. They were not, it is true, so interesting to others as if they had been a little more quiet, a little cleaner, and not quite so restless. They were, indeed, in no way remarkable, except for health and good nature. They learned their A B C's as other children did at school, and with their learning picked up a variety of uncouth ways, particularly the boys, who were as disagreeable as boys can be; in whom the manly element has not room to develop, and requires a safety-valve continually open, to let off the accumulation of energy. Strangers never stopped any of our little ones in the street to admire their beauty or grace. Nobody ever brought me accounts of their smartness. But this did not trouble me. I knew they were not

stupid, and if they lived would be able to make their way in the world.

I did not endeavor to make poets and philosophers of them, but to develop in them a sound, healthy mind in a sound, healthy body. Not that I left them entirely to themselves, or suffered their minds to run to waste; on the contrary, I strove to answer their questions, which, if it is thoroughly done, will not only gratify but stimulate the love of knowledge in the young, and is no slight tax upon one's own ingenuity and attainments.

My aunt seemed perfectly satisfied that I allowed the children some "wholesome neglect," since she saw it was the result of more rational views of life than had before actuated me. She looked upon my boys, in their rough and tumble sports, out of doors in all weather, thick-booted in winter, and often barefooted in summer, with a satisfaction she had never shown in gazing upon my first-born. "They are of the earth, earthy," she would say, "as children should be. They must grow up strong, healthy animals first, and the rest will follow in its order. First the natural, afterward the spiritual. The creed of childhood is very simple; 'Children, love and obey your parents; for this is well-pleasing to God.' Always tell the truth; scorn to do a mean action; learn to give up your own will and pleasure for the sake of others; be kind to every body and every thing; 'do unto others as you would have others do to you.' This is religion enough for childhood. But do not look for the results of experience and trial in a fresh, young heart, nor impose a false solemnity upon them, which is unnatural and must be hypocritical. Do not try to force the experience of life too fast upon them, for thus you thwart the designs of Providence, who suits the burden to the back that is to bear it. What if it is hard to make a serious impression sometimes, when it seems desirable? Don't be discouraged. You anticipate the age of reflection, perhaps, and expect the child to look from your point of sight. You must overlook many things in children that seem wrong—little annoyances, provoking ways, occasional stupidity, now and then a burst of ill temper, or a breach of decorum. Don't let it vex and worry you, and, above all things, don't peck at a child forever, unless you wish to spoil its temper completely. Never pass over *serious* faults, but shut your eyes sometimes at little peccadilloes."

"What do you call serious faults?" I asked my aunt.

"Lying, cheating, disobedience, cruelty to animals, unkindness to each other, vulgarity, profanity," etc.

"And peccadilloes, aunt?"

Just then Jimmey came thundering in, boy-like, from school, with a loud whoop and halloo, and one after another followed, with a deafening shout of happiness, which interrupted our conversation altogether. But what are peccadilloes? Any mother

can answer that question. A soiled dress, a noisy shout, a muddy foot on the carpet, an occasional petulance, a bubbling over of the spirit of mischief, and other things too numerous to mention, which parents, who think to make their children perfect, reprove often with as much severity as if they were positive evils, and sometimes, it must be added, without even the excuse of that good motive, but from an irritability in themselves as unreasonable as the spirit they seek to exorcise from their little ones.

I have lived to see my children grow up; I know the varied experiences of the mother of a large family. It is a hard work she has to do. Let her not make it harder by needless anxieties, which destroy her hopefulness and cheerfulness, and create a sphere about her unfavorable to the healthy development of those whose welfare and happiness lie nearest her heart. Plant the good seed in their young minds. Let the sunshine of love shine upon it. Remove carefully the weeds that spring up around it. Its growth may be slow. All sure and strong growth is slow. It is God who gives the increase. Anxious mother, trust God more!

It may be thought that in the account I have given of the short life and early death of my first-born, I wish to present the danger of too much care and too much love of these little beings who are given us to cherish and protect. But I would not be misunderstood. We can not love our children too well; but we may love them unwisely, selfishly, idolatrously. They may have the place in our hearts sacred to God only. So it was with me. So unwisely did I love my boy—force the growth of his mind beyond his years to gratify my selfish pride in him. I sinned ignorantly; no, not wholly so, for I had a kind Mentor by my side; but the temptation was too great; my love for him swallowed up all other loves, and when he died, darkness, the darkness of doubt and disbelief, shrouded my soul.

We must not love our children selfishly, but for their best good; and what that good is we must strive to learn by studying God's laws and applying them to life. We may help each other, and it is with the view of contributing my mite to the general good of others that I have been induced to give these fragments of my own experience, with the addition of my aunt's wise, but somewhat homely counsel.

VIRTUOUS HABITS IN YOUTH.

LORD SHAFTESBURY recently submitted to one hundred city missionaries the following question, with a view to ascertain what was their experience on the point: "How many do you estimate, having lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, have afterward fallen away, and entered on vicious courses?" The answer from almost every missionary was, "Not two in one hundred."

AT THE GATE.

BY H. N. POWERS.

HALF hidden by the summer bloom,
 By summer's fragrant breath caressed;
 Their tresses mingling in the gloom,
 A fond warmth brooding on each breast,
 They waited where the twilight hours,
 Eve after eve, had kept their feet;
 And their young thoughts, like woven flowers,
 Had blent in tangled mazes sweet;
 Where many a welcome, whispered low,
 Shone in the depths of happy eyes,
 And Love's deep spirit seemed to flow
 Around them from the lustrous skies.
 How often, with uplifted latch,
 Have still those graceful forms delayed,
 Another cup of joy to snatch,
 Half sad, half soothed with balmy shade!
 What tender phrases, with each breath,
 They murmured to confiding ears;
 And hopes, that did not dream of death,
 Flung rainbows through their happy tears!
 Ah! after that retreating form
 How many gentle wishes went;
 And what a wealth of feeling warm
 His last words through her bosom sent!
 To-night departs the happy guest,
 The future flushing like a rose;
 To-morrow, in each other blest,
 Upon the twain the gate shall close.
 Out in the great world's clamorous strife,
 In perfect trust the two shall go,
 To seek, amid the jar of life,
 The peace that haunts their visions so.
 Out in the swift and clashing throng,
 Among betrayers and betrayed:
 God keep them innocent and strong
 In love's bright panoply arrayed!

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY ANNIE T. SHANE.

THE flowers of earth are budding brightly forth,
 To fill with fragrance the soft, balmy air;
 The tiny petals, filled with morning dew,
 So frailly delicate, so purely fair;
 But thou, loved one, hast left the clay cold sod
 To bloom with beauty in the garden of our God.
 The birds of spring are caroling their lays,
 Rejoicing that the winter's frost is past,
 Their clear, sweet music gushing gladly forth,
 Now spring's soft breezes have returned at last;
 Thy winter past, thy spirit now above
 Sings the glad song of a Redeemer's love.

We see the signs of gladness all around;
 We hear the sound of laughter and of mirth;
 We meet the joyous glance of happy ones,
 Whose hearts are fettered not with cares of earth;
 And yet *our* hearts are desolately lone,
 Knowing, loved one, thou art forever gone—
 Gone from the love so tender, fond, and true;
 Gone from the smiles that watched thy coming
 here;
 Gone from the cherished haunts now dark and lone;
 Gone from the joyous home, left sad and drear;
 Gone from the griefs and trials of this earth,
 Where joys celestial have in heaven their birth.
 We weep in sadness for *our* bitter loss;
 We mourn the setting of thy life's bright sun;
 We grieve o'er hopes once bright and gayly fair,
 So swiftly vanished and so fleetly flown;
 Yet for *ourselves* and not for *thee* we weep;
 For thou art now where all the weary sleep.
 A bird let loose from out its prisoned home;
 A flower transplanted to a milder clime;
 A soul unfettered by the toils of earth,
 At peace beyond the bounds of space and time:
 Such art thou now with all the sanctified—
 A happy spirit, freed and glorified.

LIFE.

BY ANNIE JOHNSON.

I sought, unknowing what I sought—
 No name has earth for happiness;
 The vague, sweet dreams that youth had brought,
 Had ceased to cheer, had failed to bless.
 The golden glory of romance
 Faded, a false and 'wondering light;
 I saw its mocking meteors dance,
 Athwart the darkness of that night.
 Life flung her garlands at my feet;
 Scentless and faded there they lay;
 Death beckoned—pale, and sad, and sweet,
 She wooed me from my grief away.
 And earthly love—love born of dust—
 Th' immortal soul had failed to buy,
 With all its wealth of hope and trust,
 A more than royal argosy.
 I wept—I dreamed Life had no light;
 No hope to lure the soul afar;
 When, softly glimmering through the night,
 Arose the "bright and morning Star."
 O heart of Love! O Crucified!
 O Rock of Strength, in thee how blest;
 How full of calm, and peace, and joy,
 The weary soul doth sweetly rest!
 O life in Life! O joy complete!
 While thou art mine no fate can frown;
 E'en thorns are blessed beneath my feet,
 Since once He wore them for a crown!

MY FIRST CIRCUIT.

BY REV. J. T. BARR, SCOTLAND.

"Thou measurest well

The work that is before thee, and the joys
That are behind.
Then look not back! O triumph in the strength
Of an exalted purpose! Eagle-like
Press onward on. Thou shalt not be alone.
Have but an eye on God, as surely God
Will have an eye on thee—Press on, press on!"

It is now twenty-seven years since I left my "home, with all its pleasures," to enter on the work of the Christian ministry. And, O, what hopes and fears, what pleasing anticipations and fearful forebodings, alternately agitated my bosom, when I received from the conference my first appointment to a circuit! The vocation itself, being free from all secular considerations, was altogether new. The scenes through which I was called to pass were literally "untried scenes." The society with whom I was destined to mingle consisted exclusively of persons whom I had as yet never seen. I was also a *stripling*—and might not some fastidious elder "despise my youth," and, therefore, reject the word of exhortation? These and a thousand other thoughts involuntarily rushed through my mind in rapid succession. But I felt satisfied that it was the call of God—that it was the line of duty that had been marked out to me by the finger of the Holy Ghost. Relying, therefore, on the Divine protection and blessing, I left my happy home, the dear companions of my boyish days, and the well-known scenes, rendered sacred by early associations, in order to preach among strangers "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

It was not, however, without a bleeding heart and a flood of tears that I could tear myself from the embraces of my beloved parents, who appeared at that time dearer to me than ever. Dear authors of my being! though I subsequently saw them on several occasions, and personally reciprocated their warm affection, I shall now no more behold them in the vale of tears. They have already passed to a land of sunshine—a clime of unfading glory. There I hope to meet them when my work is done, and the Master shall call me hence.

"There faith lifts up the tearful eye;
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by—
The evening shadows quickly fly—
And all serene—in heaven."

My first circuit was *Waltham Abbey*, in the immediate vicinity of London. Never shall I forget the first Sabbath I spent in that earliest scene of my ministerial labors. It is indelibly imprinted on my memory, and will never be effaced. My appointment was in a remote part of the circuit. The congregation, I remember, was very large. Every face that I saw was strange to me. And it

was this strangeness that brought tears into my eyes even before commencing the service. My text on that occasion was Matthew x, 37: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." As I proceeded with my sermon, I experienced much liberty and much of the Divine presence. But the very passage I was explaining—so appropriate to my own situation—instinctively spread before my mind's eye the scenes I had just quitted, the friends from whom I was now separated, the kind father whose parting benediction was yet sounding in my ears, and the sweet mother whose last kiss was yet warm upon my cheek! My emotions almost choked my utterance. Again the tears gushed from my eyes. Presently I looked around on the congregation. Was it sympathy for their young minister, who had just left the paternal roof? or was it an expression of feeling produced from a higher, a holier source? I could not tell. But there was not at the time a dry eye in the assembly; and for some moments the only sounds which broke the silence of the sanctuary were the sobs of the people.

In a short time we were favored with a gracious revival of religion, which tended greatly to encourage me in the midst of various privations. The labors of the circuit, in a physical point of view, were very heavy, and its pastoral duties numerous. But as I had already thrown my whole soul into the work, I soon found the functions of my new calling to be a source of ineffable delight. Nor did I regret leaving father and mother, and kindred and friends, to "testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

During this revival many a hard heart was softened by the power of Divine grace, and many a wounded spirit healed by the balm of the Gospel. These were soon gathered into the fold of Christ, and accessions were thus made to the Church militant.

Among the number of those who professed to have found the "pearl of great price," I observed one whose happy countenance indicated the tranquil state of her soul, and whose pious deportment demonstrated the genuineness of the change which the Holy Ghost had so recently produced in her mind. She was a perfect stranger to me. But I never gazed upon a countenance more lovely, nor upon a form more exquisitely molded. Her age was probably about nineteen or twenty. When the sanctuary was open for Divine service, there she sat; and while listening to the word of life, I noticed the devout attention which she uniformly paid to the sermon, and the holy fervor with which she engaged in the more devotional parts of the service. In a few weeks her face appeared less blooming, and her eye, though it had lost none of its natural brilliancy, began to assume a peculiarly ominous expression, which led me to conclude that the latent seeds of disease had taken root in her delicate constitution, and were sapping

the very springs of life. At length her seat in the sanctuary became vacant. MARIA had disappeared.

The winter passed away, with all its clouds, and winds, and nipping frosts; and spring, with its "ethereal mildness," again visited the earth. All nature rejoiced at its return, and the voice of gladness was again heard in the land. Maria was still absent. Her seat in the sanctuary was still vacant. And a cloud passed over my mind when I reflected on the probability that she had already gone to the grave, the victim, it at once occurred to me, of consumption.

One morning, at an early hour, I received a message from a gentleman in the neighborhood, requesting me to visit his afflicted daughter, who was confined to her bed, and from which there was too much reason to apprehend she would never rise. I hastily obeyed the summons; and after crossing a number of beautiful meadows and shady lanes, whose banks were covered with primroses and other vernal flowers, I entered a sweetly retired cottage, and was soon seated at the bedside of Maria. The blush of health had forsaken her cheek, and the pallid hue of death was already overspreading her countenance. But that countenance, notwithstanding its deathly paleness, was the seat of mildness and holy placidity; and her faded eyes, as she raised them silently to heaven, beamed with an expression of calm resignation.

"Well, Maria," I said, "you are waiting your Father's call to glory."

"I am," she faintly murmured, "and he will not long delay. I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."

"Then you have an assurance of your acceptance with God, through faith in the Divine atonement?"

"O, yes, I have enjoyed that assurance during the whole of my affliction; but never more confidently than at this moment."

"But there is a fullness in Christ. Such is the efficacy of his blood that it cleanses from all sin."

"I feel it. In the early stage of my disorder, while suffering intense weakness of body, the enemy tempted me to doubt its efficacy; but by pleading the promises of God, in earnest, faithful prayer, I have been enabled to realize that for which the Psalmist so devoutly prayed, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' Blessed be God, who has thus made me meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light!"

Here the exertion of speaking seemed to exhaust her delicate frame, and I proposed reading a chapter in the sacred volume. She softly whispered, "Read the twenty third Psalm."

On finishing this incomparable specimen of Hebrew composition, I observed a heavenly smile playing on her beautiful features. Her eyes became animated, and clasping her almost fleshless hands together, she exclaimed, "The bitterness of death is passed; my prospect of heaven is bright and cloudless; and I am waiting my call to glory! Come, Lord Jesus! Why tarry the wheels of his

chariot? Why is his chariot so long in coming? Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly!"

In this holy, this transcendently happy state of mind the dying saint continued till I rose to take my departure.

Previous to my leaving the room, she begged me to call again in the evening, and administer to her the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

"I do not think," she said, "that I shall be spared to see another day. I feel deeply impressed with the conviction, that before to-morrow's sun shall dart his beams into this chamber, my spirit will rest with its adorable Redeemer. But I have a particular wish, before I go hence, to commemorate his dying love in the holy sacrament. Then I shall be ready to drink new wine with Him in his everlasting kingdom." * * *

The evening at length arrived. The sun had just sunk below the horizon, and the western clouds were still radiant with the reflection of his departed beams. Through the gray twilight I bent my steps to the cottage of the dying maiden. Her appearance as I entered the room convinced me that her end was approaching. Her parents were both present, and hung over their daughter with adoring fondness, while the tears were streaming from their eyes.

"Why do you weep?" said Maria. "I shall soon be in glory, mingling with the angels. Do not grieve; our parting is but brief. We shall soon meet again."

As a preparation for the administration of the ordinance, I read the beautiful hymn, commencing,

"Come, thou everlasting Spirit," etc.

All joined in singing it. The occasion was one that I shall never forget. It was eminently a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. My heart was melted, and the tears of joy began to fill my eyes. At the close of the singing, Maria was raised in the bed, and her back supported by pillows, that she might more conveniently receive the memorials of the dying love of Christ. For a moment she appeared to be suffering much bodily pain, and her remaining physical energies were evidently failing. But no murmur escaped her lips; the calmness of Christian resignation still sat on her pale features; and, with a sweet smile, she exclaimed, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him."

"Can I do any thing for you, my dear?" inquired her anxious mother.

"Nothing," was the reply. "This frail tenement is becoming weaker and weaker, and the shadows of mortality are thickening around me. But Jesus will be the strength of my heart and my portion forever."

Thus strong in the principles of the Gospel, she remained, even in the hour of dissolution, as a rock against which the winds might blow and the billows dash in vain.

When I presented to her the cup, and exhorted her to look for a present blessing while commemorating

the sufferings of Christ, she appeared to feel a fresh devotion of soul—a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit. Her happy countenance indicated the grateful emotions of her mind; and looking upward, she cried, with energy even, “My cup runneth over!”

Then, after a momentary pause, she continued, “Truly my soul has been refreshed with a draught of the living water, which flows from the throne of God and of the Lamb. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?”

She now requested to be laid in her former position on the bed. This was immediately done, and her head placed on the pillow.

“It will soon be over now,” she faintly articulated. “Come near, mother, and kiss me before I die!”

I gazed on the face of the weeping parent, as she stooped to embrace her dying child. It was moistened with tears. The eyes of the father, too, were red with weeping. His heart appeared full; and hiding his face in his hand, he sobbed aloud. Agitated with the emotions which this affecting scene had awakened in my own bosom, I walked slowly toward the bed, and, taking hold of the hand of Maria, I once more looked on her pallid features. The struggle was over, and the young, the beautiful Maria was a *corpse*. The chariots of Israel had arrived—the saint was prepared—and she was now singing the song of Moses and the Lamb!

“’Tis not the diamond ray,
Nor vespers starlight, nor aught beautiful
In this ascending sun, or in this world,
Can bring us back her image.”

RUSSEL BIGELOW.

BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

To satisfy inquiries which have often been made of me by your readers concerning this eminent preacher, I sit down to state a few facts which I have derived from a common friend—Rev. Mr. Sheldon.

Russel Bigelow was the third child, but eldest son, of respectable parents in the ordinary walks of life, both of whom survived him. He was born in Chesterfield, Cheshire, N. H., February 24, 1793. His opportunities for education were very limited, though he learned to read in early life, and in his very childhood was a diligent student of the Bible and other religious books. When he was eight years old his father removed to Vermont. At the age of nine he was awakened and made a subject of converting grace under the preaching of the Methodist ministry, though he made no profession of religion at this time. Soon after his family removed to a parish in Lower Canada where religious meetings were seldom held and religious persons rarely met with. He became a backslider

in heart, and in this condition continued for four years. Under the earnest prayer of a sister, he was reclaimed, and found great peace in believing. He now—May, 1806—united with the society. Alluding to the repugnance which many feel to the reception of children into the Church, he often remarked, in later life, “I expect to bless God eternally for the privilege of becoming a member while I was so young.” In his fifteenth year he felt that he *would* be called to preach. He continued to grow in grace, avoided the company of the thoughtless and gay, sought the society of the pious, and was derisively called by his young acquaintances “the Deacon,” or “the old Deacon.” In 1812 he removed to Worthington, O. About this time, when he was nineteen years of age, he was licensed to exhort. Unexpected trials and embarrassments awaited him in the pulpit, under the pressure of which he resolved to give up the idea of preaching. A horror now seized his mind, from which he could find no relief but in a quiet submission to his convictions of duty.

He was industrious in his habits, and labored successfully with his hands; and though early urged to enter the itinerant ranks, he long delayed, being fearful lest he should “run too fast.” His internal conflict was so great on one occasion that he “wandered away.” Describing the feelings of his soul at this period, he says, “I never came so near being willing to exchange situations with the reptiles of the earth as at this time.”

On the 15th of October, 1814, he started for his first circuit, which was in Kentucky. His natural timidity, his youthful appearance, his low stature, his awkward manners, his unprepossessing face, and his slovenly dress, gave his congregations but poor promises of edification and instruction. Many a proud man sneered, and many a pious one prayed, as he entered the church with his saddle-bags in one hand and hat in the other, and bashfully hid himself in the pulpit. It was soon apparent that he was humble and devoted; and as he progressed in his discourse, the wicked lost their contempt, and the good their mortification; the sluggish were aroused and the intelligent were amazed; arrows of conviction flew thick and fast; sinners were slain on the right and left; the atoning Lamb was lifted up, and the dead were made alive by his blood.

His next circuit was Miami, on which he was associated with A. Cummings. In 1816, after having been ordained deacon, he was appointed to Lawrenceburg circuit, Ia., where he was favored with the counsel of Allen Wiley, who was this year his beloved colleague. During this year he was married to Margaret Irwin, by whom he had seven children, who all survived him. In his journal he writes concerning his marriage these significant words, which the young would do well to ponder: “I now think it would have been better had I remained single a few years longer.” His domestic embarrassments did not, however, diminish his domestic attachments.

In 1817 he was appointed to Oxford circuit, where he encountered many hardships, and on one occasion was well nigh drowned. In 1818 he was ordained elder, and reappointed to Oxford. I can not trace his path from year to year. He was some years after this appointed in charge of the Wyandott mission, and in the year 1829, I think, appointed to Portland district—so called from Sandusky City, which was then known as Portland. It was while he occupied this position that I became acquainted with him, and had the privilege of listening to his strange eloquence and enjoying his paternal counsels and pastoral care.

After twenty years of toilsome service in the itinerancy, his health failing, he retired in hopes to spend the rest of his days on a small farm. From his retiracy he was called to the chaplaincy of the Ohio penitentiary, where, preaching to the "spirits in prison" with the zeal, and sympathy, and power which characterized him in every other situation, he sank calmly and triumphantly into the arms of death.

I can not forbear to add a few remarks which the notes before me suggest, although at the risk of repeating what I have already said. He filled with honor every office in the Church but that of bishop—an office which, had his life been protracted, he might have elevated and adorned. He had the manners of a perfect gentleman, the graces of a perfect Christian, and the gifts of a perfect orator.

His favorite theme was the atonement. This gave animation to his hopes, fire to his tongue, luster to his discourses, harmony to his doctrines, and efficacy to his labors. On all the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel he was clear and uncompromising, eliminating them from error with a hand that never wanted cunning and heart that never wanted courage.

His favorite book was the Bible, which he was accustomed to study through and through, by course, upon his knees.

His favorite refreshment was prayer. To this he devoted the first moments after he rose from his bed. At eight o'clock he retired again for closet devotion. For the last five years of his life, however, in order that he might be at the throne of grace at the same time that a beloved brother—Rev. Mr. S.—was there, he changed the hour to nine o'clock. At midday he sought again the Sun of righteousness; three o'clock, and twilight, and the hour before retiring to rest, were other periods when he devoutly and privately communed with God. Thus morning, noon, and night—at nine, at three, and at twilight, did this good man regularly retire to his "closet." The hour which he most prized was twilight, because it was associated with his regeneration. At this time he was accustomed to remember every preacher on his district, and every awakened person who had within the last three months solicited an interest in his prayers. He would bring them, name by name, before God, dwelling upon the peculiar dangers, or trials, or

wants of each case as a father would plead for his children.

His family prayers were marked by all the fervor and energy of his more public ministrations. Indeed, *earnestness* marked all his labors. Whether in private or public, teaching in the Sabbath school, praying at the altar, preaching on the camp-ground, presiding in the conference, or writing in the committee-room, he was a man of zeal. Love animated and sustained him; so that his zeal was tempered with sweetness, his firmness with mildness, his courage with tenderness, and his godly daring with a most subduing affection, as if, like his Master, he would "draw all men unto him." Just to conscientiousness, *exact* to scrupulousness, and orderly as a field-marshal, he avoided even the *appearance* of evil.

Long suffering and forbearing, his expostulations with sinners were in tones of mercy till mercy ceased to be a virtue, when he rose with the majesty of a monarch to assert the dignity of law in tones that made the rebellious tremble. This, however, was not often the case. His charity covered a multitude of sins. It was ingenious perhaps to a fault, in devising excuses for offenders, and putting the most favorable aspects upon every case.

At the root of all his excellences was a mighty *faith*. He believed God implicitly; relied upon him unwaveringly; wrestled with him victoriously; continuing in prayer till petition burst into thanksgiving.

When shall we have his biography? They who know him are fast passing away.

THE BITTER FLOWER—A PARABLE.

A MOTHER went on a spring day, with her young daughter, on the mountain. As they proceeded, the little girl was delighted with the many flowers and plants that stood and bloomed along the way.

But she was particularly pleased with a flower, small and tender, and of a red and beautiful hue. Mina—for this was the name of the girl—broke off the flower, and viewed it with joy, and kissed it, and smelt it, and could not say enough in its praise.

But, notwithstanding, in a short time she became tired of it. She wished that the flower should impart greater pleasure, and placed it in her mouth to eat it.

But what followed? Mina came running to her mother and wept, exclaiming, "O, dear mother, the flower was so beautiful in form and color, and then I ate it; but now it is so bitter that it has made my mouth feel quite rough. Fie on the ugly, hateful flower!" Thus spoke the little girl. But the mother answered and said, "My dear child, why do you abuse the flowers? They are still as beautiful in form and color as ever, and give a pleasant odor; is not that a great deal and enough? Surely no one eats the flowers, too."

A GLIMPSE ONLY.

BY ALICE CARY.

ALL day I had been traveling in the cars—hundreds of miles from home, and every moment increasing the distance. I knew nothing of the world outside of the little circle I had been accustomed to, and so, perhaps, was more observant of men and things than persons of larger experience are likely to be.

What a miserable day it was, standing apart in my life from all the other days—black clouds overhead—gloom before and around me! I was as one walking in the dark—a pit might be gaping at my feet, a rock lift itself too high for me, or a great wave swallow me up; I knew not, but at whatever hazard must go forward.

Through long reaches of the woods, where now and then a settler's cabin made sunshine in the shade; through farming districts, where the girl stood still at her churning, and the cattle, feeding by the roadside, scampered off as we passed; over hills and through hollows, across rivers and close against rough walls of rocks; rushing and thundering, on and on. Babies grew tired and cried, and weary, worn-out mothers quieted them as best they could; larger children, in spite gentle and ungentle remonstrances, thrust their arms and heads out of the windows, for it seems the propensity of human nature to tamper with danger; men yawned, read cheap literature, smoked on the platform, ate peanuts, or slept. The smoke and sparks drove back into our eyes, and ragged vendors of apples, cakes, and the like went to and fro, receiving some patronage from the most desperate.

My attention was particularly drawn to a couple occupying a seat some half a dozen yards before me, and I amused myself with conjecturing what relation they sustained to each other.

The lady was slight and graceful in form, and all day she sat quietly looking from the window, and apparently with the same interest, whether we ran through blackest woods or cut some smiling village with our hissing engine—with the same interest or the same want of interest—I could not tell which, for her face was from me, and besides closely muffled in a thick black veil. She seemed weary, and now and then leaned heavily against the side of the car; but soon lifting herself up again, looked from the window as before. Once or twice, indeed, she turned to the man beside her; but though she looked up to him he did not look down to her, nor seem in any way conscious of her presence. On halting for dinner, he offered her some refreshments, which she declined; and this was all the time during the day that I saw an exchange of words between them.

Could they be husband and wife? I thought. Certainly not—the man would not be so completely absorbed in self; and yet the very indifference seemed to partake of the tyranny which husbands

sometimes like to exercise; and the timidity of the woman's glances indicated the awe of him in which she stood—an awe which sisters are not likely to feel. His arms he kept constantly folded together, in a way that seemed to me to say she might expect no protection from them. His face was handsome, with an expression in the curl of the lip between a smile and a tear. Both were dressed well, and with that unostentatious propriety which puts vulgar breeding out of the question. I sometimes quite forgot the embarrassments of my own condition in contemplating the peculiar condition of these two persons.

It was a gloomy time of the year—late in November—the leaves were fallen, and the fruits gathered, except from a few cornfields. It was not cold—not wintery cold, but windy and cheerless; bare boughs shook together, and gusts of dust darkened the air.

At sunset the winds lowered to a melancholy sigh, and the clouds, all day driving so wildly, stood still—a storm was at hand.

It was perhaps nine o'clock when we felt ourselves moving more slowly, and presently saw on either side the suburb lights of one of the Atlantic cities. There was a Babel of confusion at the station, and, of course, a general dispersion of passengers, not many of whom would be likely to come together again.

My destination required a pause for an hour at some hotel. I chose the nearest, and, seated in a great arm-chair by the parlor fire, was awaiting the preparation of supper, and thinking of the lonesome night's travel before me, when two persons entered, and, seating themselves on the sofa almost directly behind me, engaged in a low-voiced conversation.

As they discussed affairs of altogether a private nature, I so changed my position as to give them a view of my face, and so become aware of their indiscretion. I know not whether they observed me—certainly they did not regard me; and the fragmentary conversation which follows is, as nearly as my memory serves, that which passed between them.

I have omitted to say, what the reader has perhaps guessed, that they were the persons in whom I had been so interested during the day.

"And so, thank heaven," said the young man without much reverence in his tone, "we are here at last;" and throwing a sachel on the floor, he threw himself on the sofa.

The lady sunk down beside him, and, after a moment's silence, said in a low voice, "You speak as if our journey were at an end—do you not propose to go farther?"

"Yes, I propose to go a long way farther."

"I only wish our journey was ended. I wish we were going on now; I don't like to stop a moment; I don't like this place—it seems as if"—Then some baggage was brought in—"Why, Charley," continued the girl, throwing back her veil

and seizing his hand, "you did not tell me of this—what do you mean?"

There was a curling of the lip and an uneasy movement as if a burden oppressed him; but her look of utter helplessness and hopelessness touched him directly, and freeing himself gently, he said, "Carry, dear, don't be alarmed;" and in a moment he added, "I don't know what to do—what can I do?"

"I don't know," replied the girl, her voice trembling; "we can't undo the past."

"I wish we could," and the young man resumed all his first coldness of tone and manner.

"O, Charley, this is"—the girl said no more, but, dropping her veil over her eyes, bowed her face on her hands.

"What would you have me do?" demanded the person she called Charley, taking up the hand that had fallen listlessly beside her.

"O, if I were any where out of the world! Charley, in mercy, do not leave me here—do any thing but that!"

Then followed a whispered talk, of which I heard but now and then a word—enough, however, to enable me to see the man wished to procure some sort of lodging for her in that city, where she seemed to be a stranger, and go forward alone, returning for her when he should have mended his fortunes.

She seemed not to apprehend desertion—the awful sorrow of separation—the fear for him, alone in the world, were all her thought. They had been lovers evidently—whether wedded or not I can not tell—had fled from home for some cause, and pretty nearly reached the end of the means of flight.

"O, how lonesome I shall be, and how I shall tremble for your safety all the time! but you will write every day almost, won't you, Charley; and you will come just as soon as you can."

These were the last words I heard the poor girl say, often pressing her veil to her eyes and the hand she held to her lips as she spoke; for she had soon ceased to make any remonstrance to his wish that she should remain.

When I returned from supper they were gone, and I could not but hope the beautiful love of the woman had broken the purpose of her obdurate lord. All night as I went my way through the gloomy rain I pleased myself with this hope; but the following day, when I reached the termination of my journey, I saw him leap lightly from the cars, and in a moment his free and careless step and proudly beautiful face were lost in the crowd.

And the girl—Heaven knoweth what became of her; but often when I find myself in strange and lonesome places, I think of her and trace out sad fates for her—wide of the truth I hope.

HYPOCRISY is the necessary burden of villainy; affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly: the one completes a villain, the other only finishes a fop.

THIS WORLD IS FAIR AND BEAUTIFUL.

BY M. A. WARREN.

THERE's beauty in the mountain stream,
That rushes in its might,
From rock to rock in gladness leaping,
Reflecting heaven's own light.

There's beauty in the sunset cloud—
The glory o'er it cast
Is all too fair for earthly sky,
Too beautiful to last.

There's beauty in the gentle flowers
That bloom 'neath summer's air;
And in the gorgeous woodland bowers,
Beauty is every-where.

This world is fair and beautiful;
But there's a with'ring blight
That shadows all its loveliness,
And dims its bloom and light.

What calls the wild tornado
To sweep destruction wide?
What wakes the mighty billows
With their o'erwhelming tide?

Why does the rending earthquake
The solid mountains shake,
And bid earth's firm foundations
With fear and terror quake?

Why does the crashing thunderbolt
Its vivid lightnings hurl?
And the destroying tempests
Their banners dark unfurl?

Why are death's icy fingers
Upon the mighty laid?
Why does the brow of beauty
So sadly, strangely fade?

Why is the eye of living light
Seal'd 'neath its fringes deep,
To lie beneath the mold'ring clay
In a long, dreamless sleep?

Ask ye why death's dark signet
Is set on every form?
And why its palsying, icy breath
Must chill the life-blood warm?

O, it is Sin, fell spoiler,
That blighted Eden's bowers—
That brings the tempest shadows
To wither earth's fair flowers.

Sin! that has marr'd creation,
And blighted earth's fair sod—
Beneath its curse it withers—
Beneath the frown of God.

And dark would be this fallen world,
Without one beam of light,
Had not a pitying Savior
Dispell'd its rayless night.

This is a land of shadows,
And life is but a breath;
But in that world eternal
There is no change nor death.

THE TEMPLE OF INDUSTRY.

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

REAR the mighty structure high;
 Be each arm of strength supplied;
 As the mountain pillared sky,
 Be its strong foundation wide.
 Quarrymen are midst the granite—
 Rough and hairy men are they—
 Hewing from our iron planet
 Blocks which must forever stay;
 Sawing at its flinty heart—
 Molten when the earth was young,
 Sulphury niter! it can start
 Ledges earthquakes have not sprung.
 Let the mighty oaken lever
 Lift the blocks and plant them well;
 Last they will till earth dis sever,
 Till the trump of Gabriel.
 Shafts where sunlight can not enter,
 Miners cleave as cleave they may;
 Boldly toward earth's lurid center
 Hew they out their stubborn way.
 Coal-black men then seize the ore,
 At the fiercest furnace-blast—
 Stunning with its hungry roar—
 On its red-hot palate cast.
 On the day and on the night
 Flares the cupel's tongue of fire—
 Lava-metal redly bright
 Glares on those who never tire;
 Then the mighty forgers take it,
 Into heated ovens throw—
 Vulcan's Titans! how they rake it!
 Red their reeking shoulders glow.
 Drag they forth those globes that gleam,
 Like the red round blazing sun,
 'Neath the strong right arm of steam,
 He whose hammer is a tun!
 See him champ the iron wax,
 Crushing out a spray of stars;
 Steam's strong gripe again they tax,
 They must stretch it into bars.
 Tensest steel the blocks must bind,
 Through and through our temple's girth;
 Iron-ribbed and rocky-spined,
 Like the solid frame of earth!
 Ho! ye masons, build your arches
 As ye built of yore so well;
 Ye make known the Cæsars' marches
 Greece and Egypt's glories tell;
 Drops his scythe the old father Time;
 Works like yours withstand *its* ruth;
 Covering them with rheumy slime,
 Gnaws he with his rusty tooth.
 Forest-men their axes try—
 Swung by sinewy arms and long,
 Towering pines that mop the sky
 Come in crashing thunder down.

Such the builders then engage,
 Cut into fantastic forms
 Oaks that stood from age to age
 Proudly rearing 'gainst the storms.
 Pines will spar the vessel's wings,
 Which around the world will fly;
 Fruits from spicy islands brings,
 It'll's silks of richest dye.
 Ships—those shuttles commerce sends,
 Knitting nations in one woof—
 Bring us from earth's farthest ends
 Spangling treasures for our roof.
 Farmers tug with heavy hands—
 Princes are ye stalwart ones—
 Wrestling from your rugged lands
 Food for all earth's toiling sons.
 Nighed around; behold the arts,
 Ranged about in honor's strife—
 Marble into being starts,
 Canvas throbs instinct with life.
 Resting in his iron chair,
 Bossed with muscles huge and strong,
 Bronzed Labor, see him there,
 He to whom the trades belong.
 By his side sits regal Mind—
 Joined are they and triply steeled;
 Fellow-workmen these we find
 In the shops and in the field.

THE DYING BOY AND HIS FLOWERS.

BY F. I. BELL.

ON a lowly straw bed, in a dim garret way,
 His cheek flushed with fever, a suffering boy lay;
 There was light in his eye, but 'twas restless and wild,
 And told of a "rest" to that fatherless child.
 "Dear mamma," he whispered, with breath almost spent,
 To a pale, weary woman that o'er him was bent,
 "My violets, mamma, are not some of them blown?
 Sweet flow'rets, who'll love you when Charley is gone?"
 The lone weary widow bent close to her son,
 And, with tear-swimming eye, sobbed, "Yes, dearest, one."
 "Bring it hither to me, mother; here let it lie—
 On my breast—where my flow'r I can see, when I die."
 She plucked a pale bud just begun to unfold,
 Placed it on his white breast so soon to grow cold;
 While an angel lit smile stole over his brow,
 And he murmured, "Dear mother, I'll die happy now."
 Soon the eye that had gazed on the flow'et blue
 Waxed dim, and his thin cheek grew paler in hue;
 Then his lip moved to speak, and he said in a sigh,
 "Take good care of my violets, mamma; good by!"

FACTS AND FABLES ABOUT FLOWERS.

Why is it that every eye kindles with delight at the sight of beautiful flowers? that in all lands, and amidst all nations, the love of flowers appears to prevail to so great an extent, that no home is considered complete without them—no festival duly honored unless they decorate the place where it is observed? They are strewn in the path of the bride; they are laid on the bier of the dead; the merry-maker selects from the floral tribes the emblem of his joy; and the mourner, the insignia of his grief. Every-where and under all circumstances flowers are eagerly sought after and affectionately cherished; and when the living and growing are not to be obtained, then is their place filled by some substitute or other, according to the taste or circumstances of the wearer; but whether that substitute be a wreath of gorgeous gems for the brow of royalty, or a bunch of colored cambric for the adornment of a servant-girl, it is usually wrought into the form of *flowers*. The very furniture of our houses vouches for the prevalence of this passion; for we seldom see a carpet, a chintz, or a paper, that does not include flowers in its pattern. Our china tea and dinner services are richly enameled with groups of these graceful objects; and on our Parian jugs and butter-coolers, our vases and chimney ornaments, we find the molded forms of lilies and snow-drops, and other such delicate floral imagery. Whence comes this all-prevailing taste? Surely it is a gift from God, planted by him in the heart of his creatures; for the capability of the heart to enjoy it belongs as much to the peasant as to the prince, and the means of gratifying it is as free to the one as to the other. This taste depends not on wealth or on education, but is given, if not to all individuals, yet to some of every class. From the infant's first gleam of intelligence, a flower will suffice to still its cries; and even in old age, the mind which has not been perverted from its natural instincts, can find a calm and soothing pleasure in the contemplation of these gems of creation. The little peasant boy who basks on the bank in the cornfield, while his parents are busied in gathering in the golden grain, amuses himself by weaving a bright crown of the glowing scarlet poppy and the brilliant blue corn botter, wherewith to bind the auburn curls of the tiny sister whom he has been left to watch; and the feeble old woman will totter on her crutch at early day to inhale the scent of her sweet double gilly-flowers, and mark the unfolding of their clustering petals. The sick and dying love flowers; for they remind them of that sweet home at which they are hoping soon to arrive, where, as sings an old poet,

"Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and lovely flowers
As no where else are seen."

And the young and healthy love flowers—O, how dearly!—and delight to ramble through the lanes

at the sweet April-time in search of the first young violets

"That strew the green lap of the new-come spring;"

or in July to wander in the dewy meadows by the river's side, and stretch far over its waters—even at the risk of getting an untimely and unwelcome bath—for the sake of obtaining some of the pearly cups of the delicate water lily—*Nymphaea alba*—or gathering a bunch of the turquoise clusters of the lovely water "forget-me-not"—*Myosotis palustris*. The costly gems which adorn the prince or the noble are obtained only by the few; but those more pure, more fragrant ones may be had freely, abundantly, without asking them at the hand of men. The hill and the valley teem with them, the mountain and the rock, the moss and the moor, "bring forth spontaneous flowers of all hues"—flowers

"Which not nice art

In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain."

Every hedgerow displays its wealth of blossoms, and even the very walls and house-tops supply us with their own bright and peculiar floral embellishments.

Flowers are the subject of poet's dreams: we may cite in token Chaucer's sweet tale of "The Flower and the Leaf," and Dunbar's—

"Methought sweet May before my bed up stood,
In weed depaint of many diverse hue," etc.;

and plenty of other instances. They are emblems of nations. They serve as badges of clans, and display themselves in the blazonry of heraldic devices. They have formed the insignia of party strife and hatred, as in the fatal and long-sustained wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. They have been used as indications of renewed amity and friendship, as when the reunion of these two houses did "unite the white rose with the red;" and as Drayton sang,

"In one stalk did happily unite
The pure vermilion rose and prurer white;"

and the striped red and white rose, called at this day "The York and Lancaster," was worn peacefully by both parties alike.

That the love of flowers of which we speak is a true thing, and that it has pervaded all nations, and existed throughout all times, the many legends in which we find flowers bearing a prominent part, and forming the basis for traditions and fabulous tales, supply proof sufficient. In the records of the old Grecians and Romans, we find abundance of these floral myths; and we will now entertain our readers with a few of them. The *Flos Adonis*, a pretty little blood-red flower of the anemone tribe, bears the name and serves to perpetuate the memory of Venus's favorite, Adonis, the son of Myrrha, who was herself said to be turned into a tree called *myrrh*. Adonis was often cautioned

by Venus not to hunt wild beasts; but he slighted her advice, and at last perished from injuries received from a wild boar he had wounded, and his weeping mistress changed him into this flower.

Narcissus, too, bears witness to the love of the ancients for flowers. He, striving to grasp his own beautiful form, as he saw it reflected on the surface of the water—but striving all in vain—in his futile exertions slew himself, and his blood was changed into a flower. But what flower was this? Surely not the snowy blossom which we designate by the name of *Narcissus poeticus*. Virgil calls the classical flower *Purpureus Narcissus*, and Pliny also speaks of it as *purple*; and we should be much more inclined to fix on the flower which the older botanists—Gerarde and Parkinson—call the “chequed” or “chequered daffodil,” and which we name the April Fritillary, for that which ought to bear the name of Narcissus. Gerarde remarks of this as follows: “The chequered daffodil, or ginny-hen flower, hath small, narrow, grassy leaves; among which there rises up a stalk three hands high, having at the top one or two flowers, and sometimes three, which consisteth of six small leaves chequered most strangely; wherein nature, or, rather, the Creator of all things, hath kept a very wonderful order, surpassing, as in all other things, the curiosest painting that art can set down. One square is of a greenish-yellow color, the other purple, keeping the same order as well on the back side of the flower as on the inside, although they are blackish in one square, and of a violet color in another, insomuch that every leaf seemeth to be the feather of a ginny-hen, whereof it took his name.” The dull purple tint of this flower may more fitly indicate that which sprang from the blood of

“Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore,”

than the pure white of the other.

The daphne, the myrtle, and many more, all come springing forward in our memory, and claiming a place in our pages. Daphne was a fair nymph, the daughter of the river Peneus by the goddess Terra; and fearing to be overtaken by Apollo, who pursued her, she entreated the gods for aid, and was by them turned into a laurel. Apollo gathered a crown of leaves from his metamorphosed love, and ordered that ever after that tree should be considered as sacred to his divinity. But the daphne is not the plant we usually call the laurel. The former is a most odorous flowering shrub, not even of the laurel tribe. There is no laurel indigenous in Greece; but there is a daphne native in Pontus—*Daphne Pontica*—and this, no doubt, is the plant to which this tradition belongs.

The story of Myrtilus is, that the father of Hippodamia declared that no one should marry his daughter who could not conquer him in a chariot race; and one of the lovers of the young lady bribed Myrtilus, who was an attendant of CEnomaus, to take out the linchpin from his master's

chariot, by which means the master was killed; and Myrtilus, repenting when he saw him dead, cast himself into the sea, and was afterward changed by Mercury into this plant, the myrtle, or, as some say, into the whortleberry—*Vaccinium myrtillus*.

Of the bladder campion—*Silene inflata*—named after the god Silenus, ancient writers say that it was formerly a youth named Campion, whom Minerva employed to catch flies for her owls to eat during the day, when their eyes did not serve them to catch food for themselves; but Master Campion choosing to indulge himself with a nap, when he ought to have been busy hawking for the wise birds, the angry goddess changed him into this flower, which still retains in its form the bladders in which Campion kept his flies, and droops its head at night when owls fly abroad, and have their eyes about them.

The legend of Clytia, who, irritated and aggrieved by the falsehood of her lover Apollo, pined away, and was changed into a flower, must close our list of antique flower fables. This flower is usually considered to be the sunflower—*Helianthus*; but it might more properly be said to be the *Helianthemum polifolium*, or white rock rose, which sheds its leaves when the sun declines; and its snowy and fragile petals are more suitable as a memorial of pining lovers, than is the gorgeous beauty of the flaunting yellow helianthus.

These are a few among the mythic tales we find in pagan lore; but the traditions concerning flowers are not confined to the days of Venus and Apollo: much later times furnish us with quaint theories relating to the variations in tint, form, etc., of the subjects of Flora's dominion. Of the wall flower, that most beautiful as well as most odorous of cruciferous plants, the graceful, though somewhat fanciful, poet Herrick tells us thus:

“Why this flower is now called so,
List, sweet maids, and you shall know;
Understand this firstling was
Once a brisk and bonny lass,
Kept as close as Damm was;
Who a sprightly springal loved,
And to have it fully proved,
Up she got upon a wall,
“Tempting down to slide withal;
But the silken twist untied,
So she fell, and, bruised, she died.
Love, in pity of the deed,
And her loving, luckless speed,
Turned her to this plant we call
Now ‘The flower of the wall.’”

The tulip, albeit in its own characteristics not especially suggestive of poetic thoughts, has nevertheless been the subject of more interest in later days than perhaps any other flower of modern or ancient celebrity. The facts, however, about tulips are well known; but we have one of the prettiest of all fables concerning them to narrate—a real fairy tale, quite worth the hearing. Down in the south and west of that fair county, Devonshire, lies a wild and desolate tract of hill country, called

Dartmoor. This district remains in almost primeval simplicity, its deep solitudes but seldom invaded by the foot of man, its few and simple inhabitants almost as uncultured as its wild mountains and morasses. Here, amidst the rough relics of the homes of our ancient British forefathers, linger the remains of the dress and habits of former days; and here, too, are found remnants of the superstitions which prevailed of old.

In one of the sylvan glens which lie among these Tor-crowned hills, there lived, once on a time, an old woman, who was the happy owner of a pleasant rustic cottage, with a garden full of sweet flowers. There was the "brave carnation," rich with its clove-like fragrance; there was the clustering rose, forcing its way over the little porch, and climbing on the dark brown thatch; there, too, was a little rill coursing along the side of the cottage, its rushing waters making sweet melody as they broke over the stony bed through which they ran, and mixing their tones with the song of many birds, and the clear hum of the good old woman's bees, as they gathered honey from the wild thyme and the dewy foxglove on the hills around. But although, no doubt, all her flowers were charming to the old lady, there was one treasure in the garden which was her chief delight, and exceeded all the others. This was a fine bed of most beautiful streaked tulips, over which she watched with warmest interest. One fine moonlight night, it seems the dame sallied forth to view her property, when her attention was arrested by a sweet gush of soft music, which rose and fell on the air in gentle cadence. It was as if a thousand tiny voices had joined in unison; clear and shrill, as if from the throats of so many grasshoppers, but as soft as if it had been produced by as many little feathered moths. With wonder and delight, the old woman gently drew near to the point whence the harmony seemed to arise, and found that it all emanated from the bells of her own many-colored tulips, which she could now see bending and waving in the night-breeze. She watched her darling flowers with intense delight and interest, and at last she saw by the flooding light of the moon, then just at its full, that it was not the *wind* that swayed her tulips, but that there were thousands of lovely little beings climbing on the stems and leaves, and clustering among the powdery anthers of the blossoms, and that each of these tiny creatures held one tinier than itself in its arms. They were the pixies—or fairies, as they are called elsewhere than in Devonshire—who had brought their elfin babes to lay them to sleep in the chambers which these lovely blossoms afforded, and the music was the lullaby with which they were composing their infants for their rest. As soon as the little ones were fast asleep, the old woman saw the parent fays speed away to gambol in the fields around, where they spent the rest of the night in dancing in rings, and other fairy-like diversions, to which the marks on the grass the next morning bore testimony. At the earliest

dawn, the old woman, who, of course, kept her watch all night—saw the elves return to the tulip bed, and taking up their babies with many kisses and caresses bear them away to their own domains. Some say that the watcher did not *see* these things, but only heard the sweet music and the caresses of the parent fays; but on this subject we can give no opinion, for the one statement seems as likely to be true as the other. However it may be, it is said that these favored flowers retained their beauty much longer than others of their tribe, which is no more than was to be expected; as also that, from the pixies breathing over them, they became as odorous as the rose of Cashmere.

While the old woman lived, she would not even allow a blossom to be gathered; but at last she died, and her less romantic and more utilitarian successors transmogrified the bed of tulips into a parsley bed, much to the disgust of the fairies, who caused it to fade and die; and not only so, but they so managed that nothing would grow in that garden for years. But it seems they bore the memory of the old woman, who had thus protected their nursery, in affectionate remembrance—no weed was ever suffered to spring on her grave, but the greenest turf and the fairest flowers were ever found there, though no mortal hand tended the place where she lay; and this state of things continued till it might be supposed that the remains of their friend were wholly decayed, and resolved into the elements out of which they were created; and every month, on the night before the moon was at the full, the grateful sprites might be heard lamenting her loss in tuneful dirges at her grave.—*Chambers's Journal*.

ENDURANCE OF THE WORLD'S SORROWS.

WHEN a heart breaks under the burden of its sorrows—when sickness strikes its roots in wounds opened by pain, and life consumes away slowly to death, then none of us should say that that heavily laden heart should not have broken; that it might have exerted its strength to bear its suffering. No, we would express no word of censure on that prostrated spirit because it could not raise itself—before its resurrection from the grave.

But beautiful, strengthening, and glorious is the view of a man who presents a courageous and patient breast to the poisoned arrows of life; who without defiance and without weakness goes upon his way untroubled; who suffers without complaint; whose fairest hopes have been borne down to the grave by fate, and who yet diffuses joy around him, and labors for the happiness of others. Ah, how beautiful is the view of such a one, to whom the crown of thorns becomes the glory of a saint!

I have seen more than one such royal sufferer, and have always felt at the sight, "O, could I be like this one—it is better than to be worldly fortunate!"

DEATH A TEST OF CHRISTIANITY AND A PROOF OF IMMORTALITY.

BY REV. J. W. WILEY.

How much encouragement to our faith and hope, and how much increase in the strength of our resolutions to devote ourselves more fully to the service and glory of God, may be derived from the contemplation of the death bed scenes of the righteous! It is there we derive new and strong evidences of the truth of Christianity, of the reality of the Christian life, and of the certainty of the Christian's hope. It is there we find, if on earth it can be found, an ocular demonstration of the power of Jesus to forgive sins and save the soul, and unanswerable evidences of that soul's immortality, presented to us in actual human experience.

When we see the Christian coming to that most trying hour in the course of human existence—that hour when life ends, and when, in the opinion of some, the soul must enter upon the unknown and unending realities of another life, or, as some profess to believe, is about to be extinguished forever; when at this trying hour, into which are crowded the momentous interests of eternity, the body sinking and the soul in full consciousness lingering on the borders of life, if that soul is calm and peaceful, if its confidence in God and the Savior is undiminished, if it meets death with smiling resignation, may we not so far trust human experience as to conclude that the soul has not been deceived in its expectations? And beyond this, if the confidence of that dying saint grows stronger and stronger; if the hopes which have animated him through life now grow brighter and brighter; if his trust in Christ as an all-sufficient Savior now swells into undoubting confidence, and joy unspeakable, springing from the certainty of salvation through Jesus, now fills the soul, and the last, feeble, sinking words of the dying Christian, which fall upon the ear like echoes rolling back from the unseen world, testify its joy, its peace, its glory, and in their last failing cadences speak the triumph of redeeming love—if this be not a demonstration of the truth of our blessed Christianity, what truth in human life or history has ever been tested and proven by human experience?

When we remember that of the millions who have died in Christ, not one in death has ever betrayed his profession; that in that hour of fearful realities not one has ever found the Savior absent, or declared himself deceived, or found the promises of God of none effect, what truth, I ask, in human life has ever received such proof—such testimony—from the records of actual experience, as the fact of the Christian's triumph or the Savior's power to redeem?

But the ungodly, the heathen, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist, and the Bramin also die in peace. In many cases they have no pangs in their death, and oftentimes quietly pass into the unknown scenes of eternity. I have seen the ungodly die,

and die quietly—die without fear; but it has been when disease has obscured and darkened the intellect, or when crimes had seared and hardened the heart, or when a proud stoicism refused to betray the anxieties which were trembling within, or when sullen despair would silently take its leap in the dark. I have seen the ungodly die, too, when their fearful souls would have given all the world to purchase life. I have seen the heathen die, and I have seen them trembling with fear on the brink of death, and, in despite of all the teachings, and incantations, and ceremonies of their priests, I have known them in the deepest agony to take their fearful leap. I have known them die when the chanting of priests, and beating of gongs and drums, and ringing of bells, would not chase the evil spirits away, nor drown the cries of the dying man. The heathen sometimes die quietly; but in many cases it is as the death of the ungodly of which we have spoken above. I have seen the heathen stand at the bedside of the dying missionary, contemplating with mute astonishment the calmness, the peace, the triumph of the dying Christian, giving evidence, by their surprise, that such scenes are not found among them.

The soul may be deluded into peace and quietness; its murmurings and its fears may be hushed in this trying hour by false tenets or deceptive ceremonies. Heathens are sometimes thus stilled into quietness, and die in peace. So have I seen ungodly adherents of the Romish Church, whose lives had been spent in open and flagrant wickedness, soothed into quietness by the unction of the priest. We have seen them, too, in despite of the unction, die in fear and anguish. But if we have seen the ungodly and the heathen die in quietness, who has seen them die with joy and triumph? If we have seen them die with apparent submission, because they could not live, who has seen them hasten with a glad heart to meet the realities of the world to come? Who has seen their eyes sparkling with triumph, and smiles of joy enwreathing their countenances? To die without murmuring is one thing—a variety of causes may produce it; to die in triumph is another thing—hope in God, through Christ, can alone produce it. To die in stern submission is not the same as to die with joy. To die with proud or reckless indifference is far different from dying with a hope full of immortality. To die with the low, muttering delirium of disease is far different from hastening to be forever with the Lord. The Christian, too, sometimes dies in unconsciousness. Disease throws its darkening influence over the mind, and he sinks to rest unconscious of the change. But it is when the mind is unobscured; when full consciousness accompanies him through all the scenes of death; when the mind sees, hears, feels all that is passing—the very circumstances in which the ungodly fail, and betray their fears—it is then that he shows forth his greatest triumph, and dies rejoicing in confident hope of a blissful immortality.

But the Christian's death is also a proof of immortality. When we see the soul come up to the indefinite and mysterious limits of life; when, in full consciousness, it lingers between two worlds, the one passed, the other all unknown; when the body is sinking away, is feeble, is broken, is dying, and the soul knows it, and we know it, and see that it is powerless—that fatal disorganization from which it can not recover has taken place within it—that all that is physical in the man is so disarranged that it can no longer perform its functions and live; when we discover that in the midst of these unmistakable evidences of decay and death the soul still survives—that in the midst of this dissolution of the man the mind perfectly maintains its integrity—that not one of its powers or faculties is weakened or extinguished—that it perceives as keenly, judges as correctly, reasons as accurately, loves as strongly, as when the body was in vigorous health, I ask, is it not a demonstration that the mind of man is an existence whose perfection or whose being is not dependent on the physical organism that is crumbling into ruin?

When we see all these wonderful powers not only not involved in the coming ruin, but, as is often the case, when we see those powers of mind gather new strength as the body fails, and the mind's intellectuality and spirituality stand out prominently as the body sinks more nearly to the grave, and its faculties become more exalted, ethereal, and refined, as its material incasement falls to ruin, I ask, can we think that all this is but the deceptive prelude of that mind's annihilation? that to the last it manifests its noble powers amid the wreck of a dying body, and then in an instant dies out forever? No, we can not, we do not believe it. We know that it is not always so in death. We know that frequently the mind is obscured, and that oftentimes, in the progress of disease, the organ on which the mind acts becomes early and deeply affected, and its noble powers seem crushed and destroyed, and it seems to die out in muttering delirium along with the perishing body. But that in many cases it is not thus obscured, but beams out through all the wreck of death, displaying its undying spirituality, is a phenomenon in human death that finds an explanation only in the soul's independent immortality. If the mind be only a function of animal organization, and its manifestations be nothing more than the products of a physical organ, why is it ever unaffected amid ravages of disease sufficient to produce death? What other function of the body thus maintains its integrity, and amidst the dissolution of the man remains unaffected to the last? How often have we seen the immortal mind in full vigor, playing upon the organ which God has provided for it just so long as the organ was capable of being used, and in all its movements there was order and harmony so long as the material organ could respond to the emotions of the undying soul! It is the body that dies, not the soul; it is the

instrument that fails, not the musician; and the few discordant sounds which fall upon our ears in its last notes are but the jarring discords of an organ unstrung and broken. Did God just then provide for it another instrument whose tones could reach our material senses, the soul would be there to use it, and we would still hear its notes of rejoicing, till it had gone far away toward its home in the skies.

PAPERS ON POETRY.

BY SILAS H. WRIGHT.

PAPER THIRD.

NEXT in glorious order appear the poets of the Augustan age—Lucius, Varius, Ovid, Horace, and Virgil. That was the golden age of song, and under the patronage of that munificent monarch poetry attained its climacteric. Of the four, Horace and Virgil are usually accounted preëminent, though the two former have won for themselves most unfading laurels, and are entirely worthy the attention and study of the critic and the scholar. Ovid was for many years an especial favorite at the court of Augustus, and to the learned, the brilliant, and the gay the center of attraction. His *Metamorphoses* are splendid illustrations of the triumph of genius, and constitute a noble capital upon the firm and majestic shaft of Latin poetry. His *Art of Love*, though abounding in the richest verbiage, the finest allusions, and the most graceful and flowing meter, is, nevertheless, burdened with the most immodest descriptions and the grossest obscenities. This gave to Augustus an ostensible pretext for his banishment. He declared him a polluter of the public morals and a corrupter of the youth. He dragged out a miserable existence upon a foreign and inhospitable shore, died surrounded by the lowest and meanest of savages, and was interred without any of the pomp and circumstance incident to the last hours and burial of the illustrious dead.

Says Horace, "*Poverty drove me to write verses.*" and the "*res augusta domi*," together with political misfortunes, drove him to the strange and populous city of Rome. He was without friends and the means of support; he was without sympathy, and his accumulating sorrows were almost beyond the power of human endurance. He must resort to an expedient. He wrote; he was admired, he was courted. Genius recognized him as a brother, and the portals of wealth opened to receive him. Macenas, always a liberal patron, gave him a palace upon the Esquiline Hill and a splendid residence at Tibur, where he was accustomed to spend the months of summer and autumn in composition and congenial rambles through the neighboring demesnes. For this act of kindness he declares

"Macenas to have sprung from the royal race of kings," and calls him "his patron and sweet glory."

Had Horace been nurtured in the lap of luxury, had the wings of his imagination been clipped by flattery, had the blight of wealth clouded his perception and weakened his energies, Latin literature would have been incomplete, and a star wanting in the galaxy of its glory.

The poetry of Horace is of that easy, familiar kind which is sure of a ready and understanding reception. He is alike the poet of the plowboy and the orator. He boasted of his "Pedestrian Muse," though he sometimes soared with a broad and sweeping wing. His style is nervous and compact, and his sentences flow with the "liquid lapse" of his own Bandusian Fount.

Genius, ever conscious of its merit, sometimes asserts its claim in the most eloquent outbursts of personal eulogium. Hear our lyric hymn his praises upon a harp attuned to the liveliest melodies and with eye in sweet poetic frenzy rolling: "I have reared for myself a monument more enduring than brass, and loftier than the regal structure of the pyramids, which not the corroding storm nor the impotent north wind can overthrow; nor the countless series of years nor the flight of ages—*non omnis moriar*."

Your prophetic vision, Horace, saw aright; but you never dreamed that a new world would hail you the prince of lyric poets. You never dreamed that in your westward flight you would overleap the Pillars of Hercules, and fix your seat even to the going down of the sun. Your highest ambition has been more than realized; for not only are you rehearsed where the "violent Aufidus creaks," but where Hockhocking

"Doth make sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every flower
It overtaketh in its pilgrimage,"

and where Columbia pours her rolling waves into calm Pacific tides.

Many of the causes which operated to confer excellence upon the poetry of the ancients have ceased altogether, though some of them yet exist in a modified and subdued form, and, indeed, ever must exist. Heathen mythology, which was but a tissue woven in the loom of the imagination, gave the ancients a decided superiority in the baseless fields of air. Was a battle to be described, there was always some favorite deity who bore a material part in the action, whose sage counsels, animated appeals, and defying bravery must needs be recorded. Does a storm sweep over the ocean, every wave is impelled by its sovereign ruler. Does the tempest unexpectedly subside, it is effected by the "Placid Head" looking out upon the waste of waters, commanding them to be silent. Is a landscape drawn, every stream has its genii, every wood its satyr, and every meadow its faunus. These notions were so religiously inculcated and so universally believed as to give full scope to

the highest flights of genius. Our God has no Olympus upon which he thunders, nor is his throne the arsenal of lightnings and fierce, "devouring hail." He permits no oracle to unfold the mysterious and hidden future to abash the innocent and inspirit the guilty. Olympus has been leveled and the Delphic Oracle silenced forever; Neptune has surrendered his dominion of the sea, and Æolus has torn up his commission. Says Dr. Johnson, "The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere."

This language may perhaps need a little qualification, with all deference and respect to the talents, genius, and learning of the worthy Doctor. Christian theology too simple for eloquence! That was a novel idea which found utterance in an unguarded moment. When did you last peruse the pages of inspiration? Have you, indeed, forgotten the eloquent expostulations of Jeremiah and the songs of David, which carry the pious reader above the highest heaven? Have you forgotten the eloquent wallings of Job? and have you forgotten the strains of him who invoked the muse on Zion's hill, or Siloa's brook

"That flow'd fast by the oracle of God?"

If ever mortal man was eloquent, uninspired by any other than his own genius, it was you, John Milton, who sung

"Of man's first obedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree,
Whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe!"

Says Lord Christopher North, "Shut the gates of heaven against poetry, and her flights along this earth will be feeble and lower; her wings clogged and heavy by the attraction of matter; and her voice, like that of the caged lark, so different from its hymning when lost to sight in the sky, will fail to call forth the deepest responses from the sanctuary of the spirit."

In vain may we attempt to rival the ancients in *their department*. The old heroes of antiquity stand together in solid phalanx, their crowns all radiant with a halo of glory, and waving over them that banner with the strange device, "*Excelsior*." Their spirits were tempered in a different mold, and their modes of life and habits of thought well fitted them to monopolize the greater part of the laurels which grow on the top of Pindus. We can not approach them nearer than a very faint imitation. We must ever look up in wonder and astonishment at the grand and beautiful architectural proportions of that edifice, built by giant hands ages ago, and only made more glorious by the ivy which has gathered around its imperial front and spread over its capitals and its columns. Dare we boast of the majesty of our verse—compared with theirs it is no more than the roll of a ten-cent drum to the loudest of heaven's artillery. Dare we boast of

melody—ours compared with theirs is but that of a cornstock fiddle to the finest symphonies of the Eolian harp. Dare we boast of invention, which has been called the “essence of poetry”—ours compared with theirs is but that of the pick-ax and spade to the telescope of Galileo and the telegraphic wires of Morse.

I would not, however, be accounted one of those bigots who accord to antiquity every excellence, and deny to moderns the slightest meed of praise. We are just as meritorious in *our* vein as they ever were in *theirs*; and when the world's history is complete, modern *poetry* and modern *art* will hold no mean place in its voluminous archives. And even now a spot is brightening upon the heaven of Fame—a roseate and secure abode for those adventurous spirits who have gathered jewels from every shore, and woven them into a chaplet of unfading luster.

As feuds and dissensions, rapine and bloodshed, gave to the ancients a bold, impetuous, and captivating style, so a milder and more harmonized state of affairs have exerted their influence upon the literature of later ages.

The discordant spirit which seems to have been sown broadcast in the earlier formation of society has been neutralized by the diffusion of knowledge and a Christian disposition of reparation and forgiveness. Appeals to brute force are made only in cases of urgent necessity, and the “leagur'd lion skin of Hercules” has been transformed into judicial ermine of incorruptible purity and whiteness. Mind, and not material, now governs: No longer now, as once,

“Ill fares the babe of questionable mold,
Whom its stern father happens to behold;
Nor prayers can save it from the kitten's fate,
To live an insult to the warlike state.”

We have the fullest advantages of what is, perhaps, among the most powerful auxiliaries in forming a poetic susceptibility—solitude—which imparts a freedom from care, and a splendid isolation from those distracting and confusing elements which so harassed and belabored the unfortunate poet of “old days.” Nor is this advantage entirely novel—it may be antedated more than a quarter of a decennial. The pastoral employments of our ancestors eminently afforded that relaxation of body and mind which inspired an elevated and refined sentiment. The shepherd as he watched his flock upon the mountain-top could well sing in unstudied cadences the vale blooming beneath his feet, the torrent rushing from above, and the caves and grottos “rebellowing to the dreary blast.” The soul never warms with a more generous enthusiasm, nature never wears a brighter aspect, the bleating herds never appear more innocent, and retirement more desirable, than in the perusal of the pages of those authors addicted to solitude, and who have naught to do but

“To murmur by the living brooks
A music sweeter than their own.”

How the Idyls of Gessner are redolent of flowers and morning dew; and in many a line you hear the humming of bees and the lowing of herds, the twittering of swallows, the clarion notes of the cock—lord paramount of the barn-yard—and the grateful intonations of the “echoing horn”—pride of the huntsman.

Petrarch, amid the delightful retreats of Vaucluse, has expressed with inimitable pathos some of the most delightful stanzas ever dedicated to fickle and capricious woman. The murmurings of the Sorgia, the romantic dells that embosomed his Anchoritish home, and the waving poplars, with their whispering sound, speaking peace to his soul, so chastened his ideas, refined his perceptions, elevated his language, multiplied and enlivened his imagery, as to enroll the name of this unfortunate son of genius “among the few, the immortal names that were not born to die.” Is there not, then,

“A pleasure in the pathless woods,
A rapture in the lonely shore,
Society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar?”

Jean Jacques Rousseau! I tremble while I write thy name, and I fear me that I, too, may do thee injustice. But thy spirit knows that I would not pluck a single laurel from thy tattered though still glittering coronal. Jean, wast thou not a lover of nature, and didst thou not “love *all* things, whether living or dead, as madmen love?” Rousseau, who often repaired to the gay and dissolute metropolis of France, confessed that when he left his secret chamber he was painfully bewildered and embarrassed, and that his heart constantly yearned for the rural seclusion of Charmettes. Why did not that heart ascend through nature up to nature's God? The stern sisters are about to cut his brittle thread of life: now what are his consolations and his hopes? His soul still clings with more than filial affection to his mother earth. He desires a place at the window, that his dim eyes may catch a last prospect of the fast disappearing world. “Who wipes the death-sweat from that capacious forehead, once filled with such a multitude of disordered but aspiring fancies? Who, that his beloved air of heaven may kiss and cool it for the last time, lays open the covering that hides the marble sallowness of Rousseau's sin and sorrow-haunted breast? One of nature's least-gifted children—to whose eyes nor earth, nor heaven ever beamed with beauty—to whose heart were known but the meanest charities of nature; yet mean as they were, how much better in such an hour than all his imaginings most magnificent!”

Crebillon, a tragedian of rare talents, became attached to reclusive habits, and enjoyed in solitude the reveries with which his imagination teemed. “One day,” it is said, when a friend entered his study, “the abstracted poet looked up in perfect vacuity, and cried, ‘Don't disturb me; I am going to banish a villain of a minister and hang another.’”

SARAH MARTIN;

OR, THE BENEFACTRESS OF THE PRISONER.

SARAH MARTIN, who has won for herself the fame most desirable for a woman, that of Christian benevolence, unsurpassed in the annals of her sex, was born in 1791. Her father was a poor mechanic in Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, England. Sarah was the only child of her parents, who both died when she was very young; she had then to depend on her grandmother, a poor old widow, whose name was Bonnett, and who deserves to have it recorded for the kind care she took of her granddaughter.

Sarah Martin's education was merely such as the village school afforded. At the age of fourteen she passed a year in learning the business of dress-making; and then gained her livelihood by going out and working at her trade by the day, among the families of the village. In the town of Yarmouth was the county prison, where criminals were confined; their condition is thus set forth in the *Edinburgh Review*, from which we gather our sketch:

"Their time was given to gaming, swearing, playing, fighting, and bad language; and their visitors were admitted from without with little restrictions. There was no divine worship in the jail on Sundays, nor any respect paid to that holy day. There were underground cells—these continued even down to 1836—quite dark, and deficient in proper ventilation. The prisoners describe their heat in summer as almost suffocating, but they prefer them for their warmth in winter; their situation is such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being."

No person in Yarmouth took thought for these poor, miserable prisoners; no human eye looked with pity on their dreadful condition; and had their reformation been proposed, it would, no doubt, have been scouted as an impossibility.

In August, 1819, a woman was committed to the jail for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who had "forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offense was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind; and there was one person in the neighborhood of Yarmouth who was deeply moved by it. Sarah Martin was a little woman of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight-and-twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out to the houses of various families in the town as a day laborer in her business of dress-making. Her residence was at Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, where she lived with an aged grandmother, and whence she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condi-

tion of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "while frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the Scriptures to them, for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God; how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the Scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances." The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt, but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail till the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother; so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but him." She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance, fit emblem of the state of things within; and no doubt with bounding heart, and in a timid, modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweet tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited permission to see the cruel parent. There was some difficulty—there is always "a lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind such a check would have appeared of evil omen; but Sarah Martin was too well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with admirable simplicity. The unnatural mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, she burst into tears, and thanked me!"

Her reception at once proved the necessity for such a missionary, and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again, and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily labors. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners; but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labor interfered with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means, to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dress-making, to serve the prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

In the year 1826 Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the

investment of "between two and three hundred pounds." She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town; and, from that time, devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labors. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in the week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dress-making. With that assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2s. 6d. each, for Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dress-making, like other professions, is a jealous mistress; customers fell off, and eventually almost entirely disappeared. A question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labors, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging, and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions: and was actual destitution of ordinary necessities to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and exhibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words: "In the full occupation of dress-making I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported; God was my master, and would not forsake his servant; he was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in his sight to try the faith and patience of his servants, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth; of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah; and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost; and my mind was made up. If, while imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others."

Her next object was to secure the observance of Sunday; and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest; . . . but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterward for the men. In 1823 "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in material for baby clothes; and having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, etc. . . . By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. . . . The fund of £1 10s. for this purpose, as a foundation and perpetual stock—for while desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase—soon rose to seven guineas, and since its establishment above £408 worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:

"They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals; others made men's and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find up to give me for them. In some instances young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew gray cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion I showed to the prisoners an etching of the chess-player, by Retzsch, which two men—one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer—desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, etc., they succeeded remarkably well. The chess-player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, etc., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterward many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few years—during which her mind had gradually expanded to the requirements of the subject before her—provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline; moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment, and employment after discharge. While great and good men, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to

be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; every thing she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time, and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally engaged in carrying out these objects, has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners, as a fellow-worshiper, on Sunday morning. Their evening service, which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but, finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says, "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity, and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so; and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself." These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of these singular services. Fortunately, in a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:

"Sunday, November 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention, and the most marked respect; and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterward to the female prisoners."

We believe that there are gentlemen in the world who stand so stiffly upon the virtue of certain forms of ministerial ordination, as to set their faces against all lay, and especially against all female, religious teaching. We will not dispute as to what may, or may not, be the precise value of those forms. They ought to confer powers of inestimable worth, considering how stubbornly they are defended—and perhaps they do so; but every one among us knows and feels that the power of writing or preaching good sermons is not among the number. The cold,

labored eloquence which boy-bachelors are authorized by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us—the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology—as it is called—of the fathers, or of the middle ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor, uneducated seamstress. From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of her congregation: pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steamboat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; boors, whom ignorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood among the chances of a seaport town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game law criminals; and paupers transferred from a work-house, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness.

Noble woman! A faith so firm, and so disinterested, might have removed mountains; a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is among the most heroic of human achievements.

This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station among them; converting that which, without her, would have been, at best, a scene of dissolute idleness, into a hive of industry and order. We have already explained the nature of the employment which she provided for them; the manner of their instruction is described as follows: "Any one who could not read I encouraged to learn, while others in my absence assisted them. They were taught to write also; while such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners, who were able to read, committed verses from the holy Scriptures to memory every day, according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat to them every day; and the effect was remarkable; always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Many said at first, 'It would be of no use;' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have.' Tracts and children's books, and large books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, while any one who could read more were supplied with larger books."

There does not appear to have been any instance

of a prisoner long refusing to take advantage of this mode of instruction. Men entered the prison saucy, shallow, self-conceited, full of cavils and objections, which Sarah Martin was singularly clever in meeting; but in a few days the most stubborn, and those who had refused the most peremptorily, either to be employed or to be instructed, would beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Once within the circle of her influence, the effect was curious. Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving for the first time in their lives to hold a pen, or bending hoary heads over primers and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse, went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled by perseverance to furnish their minds and memories with "from two to five verses every day." All these operations, it must be borne in mind, were carried on under no authority save what was derived from the teacher's innate force of character. Aware of that circumstance, and that any rebellion would be fatal to her usefulness, she so contrived every exercise of her powers as to "make a favor of it," knowing well that "to depart from this course would only be followed by the prisoners' doing less, and not doing it well." The ascendancy she thus acquired was very singular. A general persuasion of the sincerity with which "she watched, and wept, and prayed, and felt for all," rendered her the general depository of the little confidences, the tales of weakness, treachery, and sorrow, in the midst of which she stood! and thus she was enabled to fan the rising desire for emancipation, to succor the tempted, to encourage the timid, and put the erring in the way.

After the close of her labors at the jail, she proceeded, at one time of her life, to a large school which she superintended at the work-house; and afterward, when that school was turned over to proper teachers, she devoted two nights in the week to a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. There, or elsewhere, she was every thing. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen, while Sarah Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be more especially her pupils. Every countenance was upon her; and, as the questions went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry, or an anecdote, which she had always ready at command, and, more especially, by Scripture illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction, impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled

her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained to be performed many offices of kindness, which with her were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there; for she was never a mere school-mistress, but always the friend and counselor, as well as the instructor.

The evenings on which there was no tuition were devoted by her to visiting the sick, either in the work-house, or through the town generally; and occasionally an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth by whom her labors were regarded with interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile, and quick, active manner, communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her, and, if young people were present, was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners, or for their instruction; patterns or copies were to be prepared, or old materials to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was preeminent. Odd pieces of woolen or cotton, scraps of paper, mere litters, things which other people threw away, it mattered not what, she always begged that such things might be kept for her, and was sure to turn them to some account. If, on such occasions, while every body else was occupied, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, if there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connection with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

Her day was closed by no "return to a cheerful fireside prepared by the cares of another," but to her solitary apartments, which she had left locked up during her absence, and where "most of the domestic offices of life were performed by her own hands." There she kept a copious record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners; notes of their circumstances and conduct during such time as they were under her observation, which generally extended long beyond the period of their imprisonment; with most exact accounts of the expenditure of the little subscriptions before mentioned, and also of a small annual payment from the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs. Fry, and of all other money committed to her in aid of any branch of her charitable labors. These books of record and account have been very properly preserved, and have been presented to a public library in Yarmouth.

In scenes like these Sarah Martin passed her time, never appearing to think of herself; indeed, her own scanty fare was hardly better than that of the poorest prisoner. Yet her soul was triumphant,

and the joy of her heart found expression in sacred songs. Nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a lonely chamber, "apart from all that could disturb, and in a universe of calm repose, and peace, and love," when speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked, in words of singular beauty,

"I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From eternity's own light."

Thus she cheered her solitary room with strains of Christian praise and gratitude, and entered the dark valley of the shadow of death with hymns of victory and triumph. She died on the 15th of October, 1843, aged fifty-two years.

Sarah Martin is one of the noblest of the Christian heroines the nineteenth century has produced. The two predominant qualities of her soul were love, or "the charity which hopeth all things," and moral courage; both eminently feminine endowments. She performed her wonderful works with true womanly discretion. She is, therefore, an example of excellence of whom her sex should be more than proud—they should be thankful for this light of moral excellence enshrined in a female form. "Her gentle disposition," says one of her biographers, "never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity straitened by ingratitude, present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied with humanity. She was no titular Sister of Charity, but was silently felt and acknowledged to be one, by the many outcast and destitute persons who received encouragement from her lips, and relief from her hands, and by the few who were witnesses of her good works.

"It is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences, with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or of duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry—the most benevolent of mankind."—*Woman's Record*.

DIFFICULTY OF UNLEARNING.

Of all learning the most difficult department is to unlearn; drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator, but rather treasures up indignation against him.

LAST HOURS OF BISHOP HEDDING.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
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BISHOP HEDDING commenced his itinerant career in 1799, when but a little over nineteen years of age, and with but a few months' experience in religion. He was then called out by the presiding elder to supply a vacancy that had occurred upon the district. He naturally had a sound constitution and a vigorous frame. But the exposures, privations, and arduous labors of the first eight or ten years of his ministry seriously impaired that constitution, and entailed upon him bodily diseases which subjected him to suffering the remainder of his days. Notwithstanding these afflictions, he continued abundant in labors, till, after the lapse of more than half a century, he finished his course and entered into rest.

It is not our purpose to sketch his history or to delineate his character to any extent in this article; but simply to record some of the events of his last hours as a fit accompaniment of the beautiful view of his monument, which is to be found in this number.* The material for this record has been gathered mainly from the notes of Rev. William H. Ferris and those taken by myself—we being at the time stationed in Poughkeepsie and almost daily with him.

The infirmities resulting from age and a broken constitution had pressed heavily upon him for several years; but the last of December, 1850, he was suddenly seized while walking in the street with a spasm of the lungs of such violence that for some time he was thought to be in a dying state. About a week after he had another attack of still greater violence than the first, and for more than two hours of intense and unremitted suffering it seemed as though nature was sinking in its last conflict. From the time of his first attack, his decline was gradual, sometimes relieved by favorable indications, and at other times accelerated by sudden and alarming steps. His intellectual powers remained vigorous: His memory, perception, and judgment continued, with but few intermissions, clear and distinct to the last. In the midst of intense and protracted bodily suffering, he retained that calmness and serenity of spirit, and that supreme confidence of faith, so eminently characteristic of the mature Christian.

His conversations during the last months and weeks of his life were heavenly and edifying in a high degree. In intercourse with his Christian brethren, he often gave full vent to his feelings in the most graphic and touching expressions. At one time he broke out in the exclamation: "O, what a wonder it is that such a poor, worthless, hell-deserving wretch as I am should ever be saved! What a mercy! what wondrous love! It is all of

* The biography of Bishop Hedding, we are happy to be able to say, is in course of preparation, and will probably be published early in the ensuing spring.

Christ. What could we do or what could we hope for without him? How could we preach, how could we pray, how could we live, or how could we die, without the Savior?" The record conveys but a feeble impression of the force with which those words were uttered. This could not be realized without the presence, the appearance, the heavenly countenance, the deep pathos, the quivering voice, and the holy energy of the venerable man now numbered with the dead.

About the same time he said one morning to the Rev. Mr. Ferris: "I have been singing. In my earlier days I was quite a singer; and I have been singing one of our excellent hymns—one that is all glory—and while singing I received a wonderful blessing. The hymn is this:

"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies."

He continued repeating the hymn till he came to the third verse, when catching the inspiration of the mighty theme, he commenced singing with a feeble voice, rendered more indistinct by his deep emotion:

"Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!"

Here his feelings overcame him, and he wept like a child, exulting in the certain prospect of a final and complete victory over the "monster," so terrible to the natural man. A few days after he said to the same friend: "I do not depend so much upon past experience, nor upon present states of feeling, as upon a clear inward witness, like the shining light, that Jesus died for me; that he *loves me*, and *owns me* for his child. I am going down to the dust; but I expect to go to a better world. This supports me. Sometimes the state of my body presses down the mind so that I do not feel much joy; but there is a settled peace, and an assurance that the Savior is mine."

When asked how he felt about leaving the Church, for which he had toiled and labored so long, he said: "When I was first taken sick, more than a year ago, the thought that I was cut off from laboring for the Church, and that I should see the dear brethren with whom I had become acquainted no more on earth, hung like a millstone upon me, till one night in the winter of 1851, as I was kneeling in my bedroom praying, about midnight, God so impressed upon my mind that the Church was not mine, did not belong to me, or depend upon me, that I have felt all that burden removed from that hour. I love the Church and the brethren still; but I leave them in the hands of God, and I can say, 'Thy will be done.'" Then, with an intense and expressive look, he added, with great emphasis, "*The Church is not mine—it is God's. God has taken care of the Church; God will take care of the Church; and he can do it as well without me as with me.*"

A few weeks before his departure several brethren,

by special invitation, met to partake with him of the holy eucharist. Revs. Wm. Thatcher, Wm. Jewett, M. Richardson, Wm. H. Ferris, and the writer, were present by invitation. The Bishop was seated at the head of the table, being unable to kneel on account of his limbs and body being so swollen with the dropsy. While the elements were being distributed, he was deeply affected; and when the service was concluded, he began to sing, with a tone of voice tremulous with age and emotion:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

It was an affecting scene, that touched every heart, and drew tears from every eye. But we were still more affected with what followed. With his voice often choked and stifled with emotion, he said to those standing round:

"Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified."

Brethren, my work is now done on earth; I am about to go hence. My body is going to the dust; but I have good hope that my soul will go to God in heaven. I am a poor, weak, wretched creature; have many imperfections and many sins; but I hope for, and expect to receive, salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ:

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

I had labored fifty years and one month in the itinerancy before I was broken down. I have come short in many things; but I have labored sincerely and earnestly. I have suffered many privations and endured many trials; but after all, if I had a hundred lives, I would be willing to spend them all in the same way—believing, as I do, that God called me to the work. Blessed be God! I have seen many a wanderer reclaimed, and brought back to him; I have seen many a sinner awakened and led to Christ for salvation; and many, many men and women have I attended upon dying beds, who, with their last breath, shouted, 'Glory to God! I am washed and made clean in the atoning blood of the Lamb.' The recollection of these things comforts me now. I look back upon them with more pleasure than crowns and kingdoms, or than all the riches and honors of the world could ever have given.

"Brethren, while you have life and strength, preach; preach Christ; call poor lost sinners to repentance. Bring them to the Savior! He is a blessed Savior! How could we preach, or pray, or labor; how could we come to God, or hope for heaven, were it not for him?"

"My time of labor is now past, and I am going to my rest. A few years since my oldest sister died. She was converted to God the same time

I was, and had been a faithful Christian more than fifty years. Her last words were:

'Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea—
For me the Savior died.'

This, too, is my dying testimony. I don't know how long God will spare me, nor how soon he will call me away. But, brethren, whether you are present or not, or whether I can speak or not, that is now, and I trust will be, my dying testimony."

Here the little remnant of his strength failed him, and his wife, overwhelmed with emotion, besought him to desist from an exertion for which his strength was so inadequate. We soon after retired. The above was a scene not to be forgotten. It seemed as though heaven itself was near. No forms of language and no powers of description can do it justice. We mourned that a father in Israel was so soon to depart from our midst; that the Church was so soon to be bereft of a faithful and time-honored guide; and that the cause of Christ would so soon lose one of its noblest champions. But, on the other hand, our tears of sorrow were mingled with sacred joy; for we felt that for one so mature in Christian virtues to depart and be with Christ would be far better; we felt, indeed, that it was fitting that the old veteran, who had battled for more than half a century in the front ranks of Zion, one that had fought many a hard battle and now wore many a scar received in his Master's cause, should be released from toils and sufferings, and enter into his glorious rest. Never did we so fully feel before, that

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks
Of virtuous life—quite on the verge of heaven."

Humility was a striking trait in the character of Bishop Hedding; and his piety, ever at the farthest remove from ostentation, was strongly marked by that predominant trait in the closing scene. He felt that it was an awful thing to die; but, through grace, death was shorn of all its terrors. "All my dependence," said he, "is in the atonement. If I had to depend on the covenant of works, or on my own faithfulness, I should come short; but I depend alone on Christ, and I feel that he accepts me. I have no doubt of it. *I am as conscious of it as I can possibly be of any thing.* I do not believe that he will cast me off."

From this time his difficulty of breathing continued to increase, and his dropsy became more distressing. He could not lie down without experiencing a sense of suffocation that required immediate change; and thus whole days and nights were passed in the most excruciating distress, and almost without sleep.

On one occasion, after referring to the sudden and terrible attack he suffered fifteen months before, he said: "With the stroke, God gave me wonderful grace; and it has been with me ever since.

My prospect has been clear ever since. Not a day, not an hour, not a moment, have I had any doubt or tormenting fear of death. I have been at times so that it was doubtful whether I would live five minutes; but all was bright and glorious. I have not had joy all the time; but great support and comfort. But to day I have been *wonderfully blessed*. I was reflecting upon the wonder of God's mercy—how a just, and infinite, and holy God could take such vile creatures to dwell with him in so holy a place—so unworthy, so sinful, so polluted; and I thought of his great mercy to me—how much he had done for me; and I had such glorious views of the atonement by Christ—his sufferings and the glory that should follow—that my soul was filled in a wonderful manner. I have served God more than fifty years; I have generally had peace; but *I never saw such glory before—such light, such clearness, such beauty!* O, I want to tell it to all the world! O, had I a trumpet voice,

'Then would I tell to sinners round,
What a DEAR SAVIOR I have found.'

Here his emotion overcome him, and choked his utterance for a moment. . . . "But I can not. I never shall preach again—never shall go over the mountains and through the valleys, the woods, and the swamps, to tell of Jesus any more. But, O, what glory I feel! it shines and burns all through me; it came upon me like the rushing of a mighty wind, as on the day of Pentecost." "Alas!" says the narrator, "the pen can never represent this scene—the broken accent, the labored effort, the deep feeling, the holy fervor, the uplifted and radiant countenance, the eye that gleamed with unearthly luster, the tears choking the utterance, and the whole frame shaking with emotion; these can not be represented, but will never be forgotten. I retired, resolved to be a better Christian and a more faithful minister."

The suffering days of the revered man of God were now drawing to a close. His sufferings gradually abated; his breathing became less difficult, and he was able to lie down and rest with some degree of comfort. His quietude, however, was not that from which the system rallies to victory and triumphs over disease; but that in which its exhausted powers, fully spent in the conflict, sink to rally no more. He was not merely calm, but cheerful; and often exhibited flashes of that genial sprightliness, humor, and wit, so characteristic of him in earlier days. Yet a heavenly atmosphere reigned around him. His work was done; he was tarrying for a moment on the bank of Jordan, waiting permission from his Master to pass over.

That permission was not long delayed. About three o'clock on the morning of the 9th of April, a change took place, betokening the near approach of death. Early in the morning his sufferings were great; but his intellectual powers—consciousness, perception, memory, reason—were unaffected. Several of his Christian friends witnessed his dying

struggles and the glorious triumph of his abiding faith. The Rev. M. Richardson asked if his prospect was clear; he replied, with great emphasis: "O, yes, yes, yes! I have been wonderfully sustained of late, beyond the usual degree." After a pause, he continued:

"My suffering time will soon be o'er;
Then I shall sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day."

I trust in Christ, and he does not disappoint me. I feel him, I enjoy him, and I look forward to an inheritance in his kingdom."

He looked at his hands, and calmly marked the progress death was making. Feeling that death was fast approaching, he made repeated efforts to straighten himself and adjust his limbs in the bed. Then, summoning all his strength and elevating his voice, he said: "I trust in God, and feel safe!"

It was then remarked to him that he was almost over Jordan. He looked up and answered: "Yes;" then raising both hands, he shouted, scarcely above a whisper, "Glory, glory! Glory to God! Glory to God! Glory to God! Glory!" When asked if death had any terrors, he replied: "No, none whatever; my peace is made with God. I do not expect to live till sunset; but I have no choice; I leave it all with God." Then, placing his hand upon his breast, he said: "I am happy—filled."

After shifting his position several times without finding relief from his sufferings, he broke out:

"When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest."

Subsequently he said, "My God is my best friend, and I trust in him with all my heart. I have trusted in him for more than fifty years." Then, after pausing for breath, he added, "'Because I live, ye shall live also.' What a promise!" Soon after this his powers of speech failed; his breathing grew tremulous and short; life ebbed gradually away, and at last its weary wheels stood still. Thus passed away one of the purest and noblest spirits of earth. He died as might have been angured from his character and life; he died as the Christian only can die. Up to the last moment of earthly communion, he was calm and serene. Eternity was breaking upon his view, but he knew in whom he had believed. To see the Christian, who, with the intellect of a philosopher and the wisdom of a sage, had scanned the evidences and the doctrines of the Gospel to their very depths; to see such a one maturing for the skies, going forth to the last conflict with no misgivings of spirit—calmly, firmly, constantly trusting in the atonement of his Savior; to mark his trembling humility, the low estimate he placed upon his services in the Church of Christ, and upon his Christian piety—these were privileges of no ordinary moment, and afforded lessons of indescribable value. We have often visited the dying couch of the saint of God, and there witnessed the triumph

of the Christian faith; but never before did sickness and feebleness seem to enshrine such loveliness, or death such beauty. The full significance of that couplet of Coleridge seemed to be realized:

"Is that his death-bed where the Christian lies?
No! 'tis not his; 'tis death itself there dies!"

Bishop Hedding, in his life and in his death, has left to the Church of Christ one of the richest legacies; his life was a triumph of goodness, his death a triumph of faith. The benedictions of the Church rest upon him, and future generations shall rise up to bless his memory. Devout men, with great lamentation, bore him to his burial. He rests from his labors; his works do follow him. "The memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and men. When it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone, they desire it; it weareth a crown and triumpheth forever."

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

BY ALEX. CLARK.

VERNAL beauties without number—
Summer's charms so fair and gay,
All have gently gone to slumber,
All have quickly passed away;
Like bright phantoms,
Or sweet anthems,
All have quickly passed away.
Sad and lonely is the calling
Of autumnal breezes low;
While the leaves are lightly falling—
While soft evening murmurs flow:
Faintly gleaming,
Stars are dreaming,
While soft evening murmurs flow.
Soon will Winter, cold and dreary,
Usher on his dismal train;
Chilling blasts, with wings awery,
Now proclaim his cruel reign:
Nature sighing,
Beauty dying,
Now proclaim his cruel reign.
So is life, though now adorning
With its hopes our humble lot,
Transient as the dews of morning—
Like a summer's dream forgot.
O how fleeting!
Soon retreating—
Like a summer's dream forgot.
May we learn that we are mortal,
That from earth we soon remove;
Soon we pass death's narrow portal—
Pass from toils to joys above:
O, how cheering!
How endearing!
Pass from toils to joys above!

"NOW!"

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither THOU goest!"

"O, stop a moment, please, papa. I had well nigh forgotten—I want some money—five dollars, I guess."

It would have been a hard matter for a heart less loving than that of the father to refuse her—she looked so charming, with her sweet, uplifted face, set, like one of Raphael's pictures, in a framework of golden hair, and the heart-light shining out of her May-blue eyes, and playing "hide and seek" among the dimples round her small red mouth. She was his only daughter, reader, and he was a widower!

"Five dollars, eh, Gracie? You're a monstrously expensive little bit of humanity," said the merchant, as he patted the dimpled cheek of his daughter, and then unbuttoned his warm overcoat. "What's wanting now—a new bonnet, or an embroidered pocket handkerchief?"

"Neither, papa. It is not for myself I want the money this time. It is for a poor family who live right across the street from Mrs. Howard's. She stopped here yesterday to tell me about them; for you know she was called out of town suddenly to see her mother, who is dangerously ill. The family, it seems, have resided there but a little while, and Mrs. Howard said she was confident they had seen better days, although she had never visited them. Last November, she said, when the sunshine used to make an hour of the afternoon seem like a smile from the summer, two or three beautiful children would come out and play on the porch. She used to watch them through her blinds with so much interest.

"But for the last month she has hardly seen one of them, unless it was the oldest boy, who came down to draw water in the yard; and he was dressed so thin, and looked so mournful, it always troubled her.

"Well, yesterday morning the family haunted her thoughts and dreams so much, she resolved to see them; and when the little boy came down as usual to the well, she called him across the street. O papa! I can not help the tears coming when I think about it;" and the young girl dashed aside the large drops which were climbing over her brown lashes. "Mrs. Howard said the boy was very bashful and non-communicable at first; but at last she succeeded, by dint of coaxing and questioning, in obtaining some knowledge of his circumstances. His mother and the children were both very ill; they were very poor, and the boy said had only managed to live for the last three weeks by selling their furniture, which was now nearly all gone. They had not been used to begging, he said, with

a kind of mournful pride, which brought the tears into Mrs. Howard's eyes. He noticed this, and it seemed to unlock his heart at once. 'O, ma'am, you will come over and help us, won't you? We are poorer than you think,' he said, seizing her hand, with his dark, pathetic eyes fastened on her face. At that moment the news of her mother's illness was brought. She was so alarmed she hardly knew what she was doing, but she remembered saying to the child, 'Run home now; I will do something for you very soon.' She forgot this, however, in the hurry of starting away, and did not remember it till her carriage turned into our street. She stopped here, told me the story in a great hurry, slipped five dollars into my hand, and made me give my promise to go over there this morning."

"Well, here's a ten instead of the five you asked for, my little girl; it's such a pleasure to know when we do a generous deed we're not encouraging all sorts of vice. Now, good-by, Gracie."

"Good-by, and a thousand thanks, papa;" the little rosy fingers closed over the bill, and the bright face was uplifted to the father's lips.

"Dear me, I believe it's going to storm. How black the clouds look! I wish now I'd started before practicing. O, it's such a terrible morning to go out!" soliloquized Grace Sewall, as she stood by the bay window, and looked out on the black, threatening clouds which skirted the horizon. It was one of the dreariest of December mornings—one of those which renders it an act of such emphatic self-abnegation to exchange the glow of an anthracite fire and the luxury of a cushioned arm-chair for the gloom, and damp, and cold outside. The wind went up and down the great thoroughfare sometimes with a wild, defiant howl—sometimes with a low, deep sob, like that wrung from a strong man in his agony—and then settled down into a soft moan, like a weary child's in his slumber.

But while Grace Sewall stood tapping the glass with her fingers, and looking ruefully at the clouds, the storm suddenly descended. Whirling, waltzing, gyrating, the white flakes came down, and soon the great linen shroud of winter was rolled over the tall roofs and the barren trees of the great city.

"It's useless to fret about it, I s'pose," sighed pretty Grace Sewall, as she sank into the crimson cushions of her arm-chair; "I must wait till the storm is over."

"What! all cloaked and hooded, ready to jump in! I've caught you just in the nick of time, cousin Gracie. I've come to take you out sleigh-riding; horses at the door, and every prospect for a first-rate time."

"It's too bad, cousin Will, after all your trouble, but I can't go possibly. You see I made an engagement yesterday to visit a family who are in great need to-day. I've been waiting all the morning for the clouds to break away, and now I'm just

ready to start. You'll excuse me this time, won't you?"

"No, Gracie, I can do no such thing. You can defer your engagement till we return. I'll get back in time for you to go, if it's possible; if not, you can wait till to-morrow. This is the first snow-fall we've had this season, and you know we shan't get such a capital one very soon again. I've engaged to meet a party at West Falls, and we shall be so disappointed if you're not there. Come, you'll you go just to oblige me this once, Gracie."

Poor Grace! it would have been very hard for any girl of seventeen to have resisted that plea, accompanied, as it was, with a glance from the fine eyes of the speaker, which brought a deeper carnation glow into her cheek. "If I thought we should get back in time to go there to-night; I'm sure two or three hours couldn't make any great difference;" this last remark was made rather to her conscience than her cousin, for a still small voice was whispering in Grace Sewall's heart that she should fulfill her promise to Mrs. Howard.

"Of course, it can't make the shadow of any difference," was the ready reply of the young man. "I'll promise to accompany you myself to see these poor people, if you'll be a good girl, and go with me now. Come, time's precious, Gracie."

There was another moment of irresolution, and the pen of Grace Sewall's life-angel trembled between the dark and bright hues of that parchment, whose record she must meet in eternity.

"I will make him return in time to accompany me there. I will, *positively*," whispered Grace Sewall to that inner voice, and she gave her hand to her cousin.

The noon sunshine broke through the wintery clouds, and wandered with its pale, golden feet into a back chamber of the old building opposite Mrs. Howard's elegant residence. Ah me! the sunshine has no aristocratic predilections, or I am very certain it would have disappeared at first sight of the misery and destitution in that apartment.

It had three occupants—a woman who lay on a hard mattress in one corner, and two children on a crib a short distance from this. The fire on the hearth was slowly dying out among the ashes for want of fuel to maintain its existence. Two old chairs and a table, whose three rheumatic extremities hardly sustained its equilibrium, completed the furniture of the chamber.

"Mamma," moaned the younger of the two children, lifting its head from the hard pillow, and brushing back the bright tangled curls from its face, "sissy's head aches so. Sissy so hungry, too. Mamma, please take sissy, and give her something to eat. She so cold—she so hungry, too." The small, blue arms were uplifted appealingly to the mother; the little lip curled, and quivered, and then the hot tears, born of hunger, and cold, and suffering, came dashing down the cheeks of the infantile speaker.

"O God! is there no help for all this?" murmured the sick woman, as she lifted her head slowly from the pillow, and looked on her child. What a look it was! What a world of mingled tenderness, and suffering, and despair looked out of the large, mournful eyes that rested on the child!

"Baby must try and lie down a little longer; mother hopes she'll get something for it to eat. But, O, where is it to come from?" she cried out in a voice sharp with exceeding agony, as her head sank upon the pillow again. "O God! have pity upon me! I am willing to lie here, and starve and die without a murmur; but my children! my children!"—those words unlocked the sealed fountain in the mother's heart. She covered her white face with her attenuated hands, while deep sobs shook her whole frame, and the tears broke fast through her fingers.

"Mamma, please don't cry. I ain't a bit hungry. I wouldn't eat now if I had ever so much nice cake, and it's as hot here as summer," now spoke a feeble voice from the crib; while the younger child, frightened by its mother's sobs, and thinking that its petition for something to eat had occasioned these, drew up close to her sister, and, wrapping one little arm round its neck, whispered, "Baby didn't mean to do wicked, and plague mamma; but she so hungry—she so sick;" and again the hot tears poured down the little one's face, but she wept very stilly this time.

Child's feet were heard hurrying along the passage, and a moment later a boy, apparently some eight years old, entered the room, bearing with him a plate of gingerbread in one hand and a mug of water in the other.

"Mamma, Mary, sissy," he said eagerly, as he placed these on the rickety table, "don't cry any more. I've got something to eat. I've been over to the big house, to find the lady there; but she's gone away, and won't be home till night; but when I told the servant I was hungry, she gave me this. I didn't tell her *you* was, mamma, or sisters either," added the boy, half apologetically, as though the shame of begging would rest only upon him.

"Charley, give me some! give me some quick!" How eager were the little hands uplifted! and there was such a *craving* light in the blue eyes of the child, that it would have melted any heart not exactly *stone*, as the boy placed one of the largest rolls in the baby's hands.

"Charley, you may have my piece," said the older girl, "if you'll let me have some water. I'm so thirsty I could drink every drop;" and Charley put down the plate, and lifted the mug of cold water to the hot lips of his sister. It seemed to him she never would have done drinking. She held on the cool sides of the pitcher with her two fever-parched hands, till he almost forcibly removed the pitcher; but she would not taste the cake he urged her to eat.

The mother lay on her pillow, well nigh fainting with exhaustion; but she knew that God had heard

her cry—that he had sent her children food—and her heart was breathing such thanks over it as seldom rise round daintily loaded tables.

"Mamma!"—Charley's soft hand was passed lovingly over her cold forehead—"mamma, don't cry any more. Eat some of this cake with me. You'll get well, and so'll Mary; and I'm going to watch for the carriage all the afternoon, and when the lady comes I'm going straight over there to bring her back with me. You'll love her, mamma—I know you will. She put back the hair so softly from my forehead, and said in such a soft, pitying voice, 'Poor boy!' and the tears came in her eyes. Don't feel bad, mamma. Eat some of the cake. You can't think how good it is—just see. Sissy's eaten all hers, and going to sleep."

"Charley, my boy, God bless you! you are my only comfort," said the poor mother, putting one arm around the boy's neck, and drawing his cheek down to her cold lips.

"No, I can't eat the cake, dear. I'm growing very tired. Put sissy in bed with me; she won't trouble me now, and Mary's very sick. Charley, if I'm not here when the lady comes back, remember and tell her I said God would reward her for all she would do to you."

"If you're not here! what do you mean, mamma?" and Charley looked at her as though he feared she was demented.

"Nothing now, dear. Bring the baby here before I go to sleep. Remember and take good care of Mary."

Poor Charley! he little thought as he watched the lids droop over his mother's eyes, after he had carefully laid the slumbering baby by her side, that the dew on her forehead was the damp of death. Hour after hour the faithful child kept his watch for the carriage at the chamber window. Hour after hour! The sunshine crept from the old bedstead and the rickety table to the floor, and still he stood there, with his eyes roaming eagerly up and down the thoroughfare for the carriage that came not. Hour after hour! with none but God and the angels to wot of it.

"Charley, please to come here:" the voice sounded very clear in the chamber's silence, although it was scarcely raised above a whisper.

He was at the speaker's side in a moment. "What is it, Mary? don't you feel better now?"

"I don't ache any more; but I want you to put your arms around me, and let me cry so hard."

"Don't cry, sister. Eat some of the cake. I've saved two big pieces for you."

"No, no," said the sick child, with a motion of the head, as though the sight of food nauseated her. "Make haste, Charley, for my heart's full of tears; and when they're gone, I want to talk."

And the boy seated himself on the side of the crib, and raised his sister very tenderly; and then with his arms wrapped round her, and her head resting on his bosom, she cried a long time, and Charley's tears were mingled with hers.

"There, the ache's all gone now, brother," and she looked up in his face with a smile that made the stout heart of the little boy sadder than before. "I've had a dream—O, such a beautiful one!—of our old home. I saw it all, Charley. The two great plum-trees that grew by our chamber window, and the vine that wound all over the front. I could see, too, the pond, and the white lilies all about it, which you and I used to gather, Charley. Well, I thought I was sitting there, just as I did long ago, when somebody called me very soft and sweetly. I turned round, and there stood papa, with the old smile on his face, and such a light all over it. I put my arms right out, and he lifted me up, and kissed me. 'O, papa,' I said, 'I'm so glad we are come back again; but I don't know how I got here. We've had so much trouble, and been cold, and hungry, and sick, since I saw you. But we've got back now, and we'll live in our old home, just as ever, won't we, and be happy? You'll send for mamma, and Charley, and the baby, won't you?' But papa shook his head, and then he smiled, and said, 'No, Mary, we shall not come back here to live; but I shall take you and mamma to the home where I am. It can not be compared with this one—it is so much fairer and pleasanter, and there is no hunger, nor cold; nor sorrow there; and the name of this beautiful land is *heaven*. Remember I shall come for you and mamma to-night;' and the next moment he was gone, and I woke up, and there was nobody here but mamma, and baby, and you standing by the window; and it was this made me cry, to find it was all a dream, for I wanted to go with papa."

"No, no, Mary, you don't want to leave me," cried the boy, hugging the girl closer as a sharp, terrible fear seemed clutching at his heart-strings.

But she did not answer him; the lids drooped heavily over the eyes just as the mother's had done, and there were the same large damp drops on her forehead.

"She has gone to sleep again," said Charley, tenderly, as he laid the small head on the pillow, and parted away the curls from the sweet face.

The sun had gone down over the high roofs of the neighboring houses, and the bright December stars were coming slowly into the rifts of blue sky, when the boy resumed his watch by the window.

It was very cold, for the fire had long ago died out on the hearth, and the boy was weary with his long watch; so he, wrapping himself in an old coverlet, drew a chair to the window, and, sinking down on this, buried his face in his hands.

And the loving eyes of the angels looked down through the darkness into that old chamber, and saw that all its inmates had gone to sleep; but two would wake up in this world, and two would wake in heaven.

The hours were wearing into midnight when a carriage rolled up hastily to Mrs. Howard's dwelling; and if Charley had been awake, he might

have seen, by the dim gaslight, the lady who hastily descended.

But he did not see this, the little, tired, slumbering boy, who had gone a great way from that dark, miserable chamber in his dreams; neither did he know it was at the same hour that another chariot came to this home—a chariot whose glory was greater than that of the noonday sun—a chariot around which angels gathered with their gleaming hair and golden harps—and in this *were borne away his mother and his sister Mary.*

"They are all sleeping so sound," murmured Charley to himself, as the dim light of the early dawn crept into the chamber, and lifted up the boy's sleeping lids. "I wonder if the carriage hasn't come yet. I'll sit here and watch till the sun comes over the house-tops, and then I'll go across and see." So for two hours longer the boy sat there, with his eyes fastened on the opposite side of the street.

"Charley," lisped a soft voice from the bed where the mother lay, "sissy's waked up."

"Well, lie still a little while, dear," said the boy, in a low tone, "'cause mamma and Mary haven't waked up yet."

But the little one grew uneasy, and soon the sweet face, with its frame of tangled, shining hair, was lifted from the pillow. "Mamma," and one little arm was thrown around her neck, while the red lips were brought to the strangely white ones of the woman, "mamma, wake up, and smile on your little sissy. Mamma, please wake up, and see how light it is, and say, 'My little sissy,' just as softly."

But the white lips did not uncloze, and the blue-veined lips remained fastened down with a strange tightness.

"Charley, mamma feels so cold," said the little one with a shudder, as she drew away the fingers from the icy forehead. "Please to make a fire, Charley, for she won't wake up or speak to sissy," and the blue eyes filled with tears.

Charley now came toward the bed, looking intently at his mother's face; for the sun had just ridden over the house-tops, and the light lay like a golden flood all about her, and there was something in those ghastly features that terrified the child.

"Mamma, wake up! wake up, quick!" he said in an eager, troubled voice. There was no answer. He bent down; looked at her wildly for a moment, while his whole frame trembled like a leaf; then came a shriek of such wild, bitter, terrible agony, that it would have awakened any *but the dead.*

* * * *

"Why, Grace, good morning. I did not expect to find you here so early. Did you see *them* yesterday? They've haunted me ever since I've been gone;" and Mrs. Howard paused a moment in the hall of the old building, where she and Grace Sewall had so unexpectedly come upon each other.

"I regret to say, Mrs. Howard, that the storm

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prevented my coming yesterday morning, and in the afternoon I rode to West Falls with a distant cousin. He promised to return in time to accompany me here; but we didn't reach home till long after nightfall—"

What a shriek that was—a child's shriek, too! No wonder the words died on the lips of Grace Sewall and the blood forsook the cheeks of both ladies.

A moment later a child's face, wild and white, came rushing down the old stairs. In a breath it was by the side of Mrs. Howard.

"You will come up here—you will come up now," pleaded the white lips and the mournful eyes, "for mamma is dead!"

Hardly less agitated than himself, they followed him up stairs. What a scene presented itself there! That beautiful dead face in the laughing sunlight, bearing such a legible chirography of sharp and terrible suffering, and the baby-one that bent over it, well nigh broken-hearted with grief, because mamma would not wake up and say "Little sissy!"

It was a long time before the two weeping visitors turned to the crib, where another sweet, pale-faced child was lying, with a smile such as the olden artists gave to their dreams of angels hovering round its lips. Mrs. Howard stepped forward first, and something dried the tears in her eyes as they fastened on the sleeper. She bent down a moment; when she lifted her face the one beneath it was hardly whiter. "*She is dead, too!*" broke slowly from her lips.

"O, papa said he should come for her and mamma! O, if he'd come for us, too!" moaned Charley, as he sank fainting on the crib beside his dead sister.

"O God, have mercy upon me, for my punishment is greater than I can bear!" murmured poor, conscience-stricken Grace Sewall, as she kneeled down in that death-chamber.

But the youngest child, all unconscious of the loss it had sustained, and pitying her manifest suffering, crept off from the bed, and tottering up to Grace, wound her arms around her neck, and told her not to cry, for mamma had only gone home to heaven, where the flowers grew so bright and the angels were so beautiful, and she would not be hungry, or cold, or sick any more.

"And neither shall you be, darling, if I can help it," murmured the young girl amid her sobs. "I will take you to my own home, and my care and love for you shall make some reparation for the wrong I have done."

She was true to her promise. The dead mother and her child were carefully interred in a pleasant part of the city cemetery; and the little one became as a younger sister to Grace, as another daughter to her father, while Mrs. Howard adopted Charley as her own son.

But the fearful lesson which Grace Sewall was taught in her youth was never forgotten, and years later, when she became the wife of her cousin

William Edwards, and her scrupulous adherence to her promises won a smile to his lips, it was checked by the memory of a certain sleigh-ride.

"*Now!*" it was Grace's motto through life. Let it be yours, reader; for the *present* is all we can claim, and we have no surety for the future. We only know that the night—the *death*-night—cometh, and its shadows are growing longer every hour.

THE MEMORY OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

—
BY W. H. BARNES.
—

VERY sacred are the associations which belong to old cities. Their history reaches away into the dim past to a time when "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Within them the ever-moving Present puts on solemnity and awe as if it were standing upon ancestral graves. The inhabitants know but a small part of the history of the ancient streets in which they live and toil. Their recorded annals reach back many hundred years, and are buried in vast libraries. The antiquarian, as he rummages among the dim manuscripts of the past, now and then comes upon some great fact in history, long faded from the minds of men, and startles the world with the results of his researches.

In this new world we have no such far-reaching history. Our cities are all new. They sprang up along our sea-shores and on our inland plains almost as suddenly as the creations of the wonderful lamp. They have no dingy castles, no time-worn libraries.

"Where, then, is your history? where are your chronicles of rise and progress?" inquires the curious traveler.

Every city and village of the west possesses a living library—rich in its treasures and resources, complete in historical and legendary lore. In every community there is a collection of the treasures of the past familiarly known as "the Memory of the Oldest Inhabitant." Such libraries are not peculiar to our own times; they were known and appreciated by the ancients. Thus were preserved the glorious antiquities of the world—the poems of Homer, and the mighty deeds of heroes. In modern times the printing-press has taken up the manuscripts as they became dim in the halls of Memory, and transmitted them to immortality. Nevertheless, the "Oldest Inhabitant" is yet an oracle from which we may learn many lessons of wisdom.

A few years ago the "Memory of the Oldest Inhabitant" reached away back to the days of the Revolution; but now it has grown voiceless and silent about that wonderful period. The living memory is continually losing its hold upon the past. Three-score years hence the little playing child will convey to eager listeners a dim shadow of the great events which now shake the world.

Men of all subsequent ages have regarded the burning of the Alexandrian library as a great calamity. But continually death goes abroad destroying the memories of our old inhabitants—the best and richest libraries—and we scarcely notice the fact. We should endeavor to rescue their contents from oblivion before their time-worn tenements crumble away into the earth.

When a great wonder—such as a flood or a pestilence—comes upon any of our neighborhoods or cities, all the people refer instinctively to "the Memory of the Oldest Inhabitant." They are anxious to know whether a similar event has happened in by-gone times. But very soon curiosity subsides, and only here and there a visitor is seen in the Halls of Old Memories. The few who are willing to spend some while aside from the hurry and bustle of life may obtain rich reminiscences of the olden time. They transfer the memories of the man of former days into their own souls. Thus they obtain pleasant recollections for themselves during their whole lives. They live much longer than other men, for their real life—the life of memory—commenced three-score years or more before that birthday which is recorded in the old family Bible. They have an advantage over those who obtain all their knowledge from reading; for books are not friends who can talk and sympathize with our own souls.

I have always delighted to listen to the words of wisdom as they fell from the lips of age. My thoughts are now with some old men and women, for whose society I am very thankful. They have been my benefactors; for they have thrown open to me some rich libraries of biography and history, and have given me liberty to linger long amid their quiet nooks and alcoves. Let us now wander back through one of those libraries, and look into some of the curious and ancient volumes found there.

The first volume that we see resembles the horn-book of many years ago. The letters are as rough and irregular as those carved on old beech-trees beside school houses. Nevertheless, if the book be homely and unadorned, it contains a pleasant portion of the life's history. Herein is the record of parents and first companions—the sports and joys of childhood—the first school days and all their delights. The narrative is dim, indeed, but plain enough to give much delight and satisfaction to the reader. While we read this volume we wonder if there were no sorrows and disappointments in this childhood. There certainly were some, but their record has faded away; so let them be forgotten.

Here is another volume which gives us the story of youth and young manhood. It is a complete heart history—a rare volume, for no exact copy of it exists any where else in the world. Indeed, the whole library through which we are now wandering is in manuscript, written in various styles, from the bold and dashing lines of

youth to the trembling traces of age. The rarity and privacy of these volumes gives them the more interest. The volume into which we are now looking is illuminated. Almost every page contains some brilliant view of the future, or a picture of some castellated building towering away into mid-heaven. The colors in which these pictures are painted were once very brilliant, but time has dimmed them somewhat. This book contains not only pictures—there is a story running through it which is more thrilling and fascinating than fiction, for it is true to the letter. It is not a romantic love story, but a history of deep and abiding affection. It tells how two kindred souls learned to walk forth together the unknown way of life. Henceforth in this great autobiography the "I" is changed to "*we*." Two stout hearts now go out to the battle of life, instead of the one which went forth before with fear and trembling.

There are many other volumes in this great library. We may not possess ourselves of all their rich stores of wisdom and experience, for our lives are too short. An outline we may get which will serve for our souls to ponder upon for years afterward.

The Oldest Inhabitant, having received strength and courage from his union with a *true heart*, resolves to walk in the "path of empire," which leads westward. After many toils and hardships, he reaches the far-off confines of civilization. He hews down forests, and sees his own home smile in the wilderness. He hears the Gospel from self-sacrificing pioneers of Christianity, and aids in building up churches to bless his children and his country. He witnesses the foundation and prosperity of cities, and beholds the gradual dawning of a great enlightenment upon the west. He sees the friends of his youth fall one by one around him, and observes the advent of another generation, which takes up the unfinished labors of the past to complete them gloriously.

Then it is not strange that old men delight to live over again the fascinating scenes of their past history. It is not strange that the people often refer to the instructive experience of their fathers. This is one of the secrets of the world's progress. One generation builds upon the foundation which another has laid, and thus commences life under happier and more favorable auspices. The shadow on the dial of Time will never go backward so long as each generation is willing to consult the records of the past for wisdom.

WIT.

WIT is, indeed, a thing so versatile and multi-form, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.*

BY REV. T. M. EDDY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the disasters of the preceding expeditions, Captain Franklin was ready to undertake similar duties and brave similar exposure and sufferings. In his first land expedition he had gone from York Factory to the Polar Sea, at the mouth of Coppermine—or Hearn's—river. From thence a complete survey of the coast had been made eastward to Cape Turn-Again, in longitude 109 degrees, 25 minutes, west, and only about four hundred and fifty miles from the Atlantic survey of Captain Parry. The year after he returned the Government desired him to proceed a second time to the Polar Sea, for the purpose of exploring the coast *westward*, from the Coppermine river to Icy Cape, or the point east of it, where he would unite his survey with that made by Captain Beechey in the sloop Blossom, and thus complete the examination of the entire coast, except that portion lying between Cape Turn-Again and Cape Garry, or Melville Peninsula. The sufferings of the preceding expedition were from causes which he believed could be prevented; and so thought Dr. Richardson and Lieutenant Back, his former comrades, for they again accompanied him.

Past experience had taught him that the light birchen canoes of the Indians would not endure the crashing and straining of a Polar expedition. Ere leaving England he had three boats built—in shape as nearly resembling the birch canoes as possible—in *firmness* as dissimilar as they could be made. They were of ash; both ends exactly alike, and fitted to be steered either with a sweep or rudder. The largest—twenty-six feet long and five feet, four inches broad—was adapted for six rowers, a steersman, and an officer; it could be borne on the shoulders of six men, and was found, on trial, to be capable of carrying three tons' weight in addition to the crew. The two others were each twenty-four feet long, four feet, ten inches broad, and capable of receiving a crew of five men, a steersman, and an officer, with an additional weight of two and a half tons. There was also a fourth—a little affair—called the "Walnut-shell," invented by Colonel Patley. It was nine feet long, four feet, four inches broad, framed of well-seasoned ash, fastened with thongs, covered with prepared canvas, and shaped like one valve of a walnut shell. It weighed only eighty-five pounds, could be taken apart, made up into several parcels, and, when needed, put together in less than twenty minutes.

When all was ready, Franklin's feelings had to undergo a severe struggle between conjugal affection and duty as an officer. His first wife lay at the point of death. She, however, urged her husband to depart on the day appointed, and gave him a silk flag, which she had made with her own

* Continued from page 445.

hands, with instructions to hoist it only when he reached the Polar Sea. She died the day after he sailed from England, which was February 16, 1825. On the 15th of March they reached the United States, where the brave Captain met greeting which made his heart warm. He says, "Our baggage and stores were instantly passed through the Custom-House—at New York—without inspection; cards of admission to public scientific institutions were forwarded to us the same evening, and during our stay every other mark of attention was shown by the civil and naval authorities, as well as by private individuals, indicating their lively interest in our enterprise. At Albany we experienced similar civilities. Every body seemed to desire our success, and a fervent prayer for our preservation and welfare was offered up by Rev. Dr. Christie, whose church we attended. The Hon. De Witt Clinton, the Governor of the state, assured me, that had we not been accompanied by a gentleman so conversant in the different routes and modes of traveling as Mr. Buchanan, he would have sent his son with us, or would himself have conducted us to the confines of the state." Put that honest, hearty, *English* recognition of American hospitality alongside the slanders of Dickens and others of the same truthful (?) type!

The details of their travel need not be given. Their boats did good service, and they reached Fort Resolution in safety, from which they departed July 31st, and, crossing "Slave Lake," entered M'Kenzie's river. They reached Fort Norman August 7, five hundred and seventy-four miles from Fort Resolution. They had made such rapid advance that Captain Franklin determined to push on to the Polar Sea, instead of halting till spring at Bear Lake, as he had intended. Leaving the largest part of his company to prepare winter quarters, the Captain and the remainder hurried down the river, and on the 16th of August, in latitude 69 degrees, 29 minutes, north, longitude 135 degrees, 41 minutes, west, the boat touched Garry Island, on the beach of which the Polar Sea rolled in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and presenting no visible obstruction to navigation, while the waters were alive with seals, and white and black whales floated freely on the waves. Franklin's journal has this record: "The men pitched the tent on the beach, and I caused the Union silk flag to be hoisted, which my deeply lamented wife had made, and presented to me as a parting gift, under the express injunction that it was not to be unfurled before the expedition reached the sea. I will attempt no description of my emotions as it expanded to the breeze; however natural, and, for the moment, irrepressible, I felt it was my duty to restrain them, and that I had no right, by an indulgence of my own sorrows, to cloud the animated countenances of my companions. Joining, therefore, with the best grace I could command, in the general excitement, I endeavored to return with corresponding cheerfulness their warm congratula-

tions on having thus planted the British flag on this remote island of the Polar Sea."

On the 18th of August they turned toward Lake Bear, and on the 5th September reached "Fort Franklin," as Lieutenant Back had designated the winter home.

Here were spent two dreary Polar winters, the second of which was unusually severe. The thermometer frequently stood at from forty to fifty-eight degrees below zero. The precautions taken saved them from hunger. The officers, for the amusement and benefit of the men, opened a school three times a week, and Dr. Richardson delivered a course of lectures on geology. To these were added various amusements. The little fort was a sort of language epitome. English, Gaelic, French, and Indian were heard, and variations were given on the violin and bagpipe.

The circumstances connected with their summer surveys can not be sketched, unless there was room to enter largely into the geography and natural history of the Polar seas and coasts. At the mouth of M'Kenzie river they narrowly escaped robbery and murder from a large body of Esquimaux; but generally their relations with the tribes were of the most amicable character.

The long-searched for North-West passage was not yet discovered. The number of miles of unsurveyed coast was reduced from fifteen hundred to six hundred. The most northern point attained was Cape Bathurst, in longitude 149 degrees, 37 minutes, west, latitude 70 degrees, 24 minutes, north, at which place they were within one hundred and sixty miles of a boat from the Blossom, lying to the west, waiting to meet them. Nevertheless, they believed the existence of the desired passage was demonstrated, and also the possibility of navigating the Polar basin.

Their surveys and scientific explorations, their investigations of the geology and natural history of the country, were accurate and valuable. During the winter Mr. Drummond collected two hundred specimens of birds and animals and more than fifteen hundred of plants.

On the 29th of September, 1827, Franklin and Richardson reached London; the rest of the English party shortly after landed at Portsmouth, except two persons who had died—one of consumption, and the other was accidentally drowned.

Thus ended this expedition, one of the most interesting and useful of all sent out in search of the North-West passage, or to explore the Arctic regions. They were gone from England two years and seven months.

FRANKLIN'S LOST EXPEDITION.

The Lords of the Admiralty were not content. Various other expeditions had sailed and returned, still the channel connecting the two oceans was not found. In 1827 the brave Captain Parry, with his old ship *Hecla*, made his fifth Polar voyage, and reached his northern *ultimatum*, 82 degrees, 45 minutes, north. From 1829 to 1833 Captain

John Ross, the pioneer of the nineteenth century in Arctic explorations, sanguine in the belief that he should send the glad eureka shout from the Pole, was beaten about with his brave comrades, having perils and hairbreadth escapes innumerable. At one time they were imprisoned eleven long months in the ice. On their return to England they were hailed as those received from the grave. From 1833 to 1835 Captain Back, who had accompanied Franklin in both his land expeditions, himself conducted a similar one—similar in its privation and intense suffering to the first. Reaching 68 degrees, 13 minutes, 57 seconds, north, in longitude 94 degrees, 58 minutes, 1 second, west, suffering and want compelled him to retrace his steps. In 1836, however, in the *Terror*, he undertook a voyage up Hudson's Strait. The same year the Hudson's Bay Company made an exploration under Messrs. Dease and Simpson, who boldly and adventurously performed almost miracles, and were handsomely and generously rewarded by the Home Government.

In 1845 the Lords Commissioners, on the recommendation of Sir John Barrow, determined to fit another expedition to the North Pole; and as they preferred *sending to going*, Captain John Franklin, K. C. H., was appointed to command. The well-tried ships *Erebus* and *Terror* were very carefully fitted up.

The reader must permit the record of the names officering these vessels. For their welfare, and the welfare of the brave men under their charge, how many an anguish-throb has been felt, how many a prayer offered, how many a noble deed performed!

EREBUS—Sir John Franklin, Captain.

Commander—Captain James Fitz James.

Lieutenants—Graham Gore, (Com.,) Henry T. D. Le Vesconte, James William Fairholme.

Mates—Charles F. des Vaux, (Lieut.,) Robert O. Sargent, (Lieut.)

Second Master—Henry F. Collins.

Surgeon—Stephen S. Stanley.

Assistant Surgeon—Harry D. S. Goodsir, (Acting.)

Paymaster and Purser—Charles H. Osman.

Ice-Master—James Reid, Acting.

Fifty-eight petty officers, seamen, etc. Full complement, seventy.

TERROR—Captain Fras. R. M. Crozier.

Lieutenants—Edward Little, (Com.,) George H. Hodgson, John Irving.

Mates—Frederick J. Hornby, (Lieut.,) Robert Thomas, (Lieut.)

Ice Master—T. Blankly, (Acting.)

Second Master—G. A. Maclean.

Surgeon—John S. Peddie.

Assistant Surgeon—Alexander M'Donald.

Clerk in Charge—Edward J. H. Helpman.

Fifty-seven petty officers and seamen. Complement, sixty-eight.

A glance at the above list shows how carefully the ships were manned. The number of promoted officers in subordinate positions is far above the

average,* and proclaims an unusual amount of educated mind and nautical skill. But "let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might." What a comment on this text is the history of the *Terror* and *Erebus*!

They were not expected to return before 1847, unless they were successful. The last reliable intelligence concerning them was a letter written by Sir John on the 12th of July, 1845, from the Whale-fish Islands.

Since then all that man's wealth, indomitable perseverance, and death-defying effort, and woman's holy, tireless, ever-hoping love, could do has been done, but all in vain. The graves of some have been found; relics have been discovered; all have yielded in despair, save the devoted love of Lady Franklin. She, although the naval authorities, wearied by their efforts, have entered the missing Captains and their crews among "those who have died in her Majesty's service," she *hopes on*. She will not despair.

This lady, for whom so deep an interest has been felt, was the second daughter of John Griffin, Esq., of Bedford Place. She was married to Captain Franklin on the 5th of November, 1823. The name of Jane Franklin must hereafter be a synonym of conjugal affection. She has prayed, and wept, and written; she has passed from port to port, bidding God speed to every public and private vessel which has gone forth to search for the lost ones. How often has hope sprang up boundingly as some paragraph from the *Times*, *Athenaeum*, or *Chronicle* mentioned a rumor that the track had been found! How often did that "deferred hope" turn woefully back, making "the heart sick!"

A brief narration of the efforts for the recovery of the missing ships will now be sketched. Toward the fall of 1847 serious apprehensions were felt; but the Admiralty had such confidence in Franklin, his crews, the stability of his vessels, and abundance of his provisions, that they dismissed their fears as unreasonable. In 1848 their alarm increased, and a searching expedition was sent out. Expedition followed expedition in rapid succession. The old pioneers of Arctic exploration were written to, their opinions carefully noted, and every gleam of hope carefully followed.

In 1848 the Admiralty announced that to any whaling vessels that brought accurate information should "be paid one hundred guineas or more, according to circumstances." Lady Franklin, about the same time, offered rewards of £2,000 and £3,000 to the officers and crew of any vessel affording relief to Sir John, making extraordinary efforts to reach them, and more to bring them safely to England. In 1850 the British Government offered the following rewards to any persons of any country:

"1. To any party or person who, in the judgment of the Board of Admiralty, shall discover

* Those marked in parentheses were promoted subsequently to sailing.

and effectually relieve the crews of her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror the sum of £20,000.

"2. To any party or parties, etc., who shall discover and effectually relieve any portion of the crews, or shall convey such intelligence as shall lead to the relief of any of the crew, £10,000.

"3. To any party or parties who shall, by virtue of his or their efforts, first succeed in ascertaining their fate, £10,000."

Surely these rewards would tempt cupidity to its utmost. But noble impulses were stirring. The efforts made to search and save the lost negative most emphatically the assertion of Burke, "The age of chivalry is past." Knight-errantry never afforded nobler daring.

How many relief ships have sailed I can not tell with certainty. I here present a list as complete as I can make it:

	Men.	Commanders.
1. H. M. ship <i>Enterprise</i>	68.....	Capt. Collinson.
2. " " <i>Investigator</i>	45.....	Com. McClure.
3. " " <i>Plover</i>	53.....	Com. Moore.
4. " " <i>Resolute</i>	68.....	Capt. H. Austin.
5. " " <i>Assistance</i>	60.....	Capt. E. Ommanney.
6. " " <i>Pioneer</i> , (screw steamer).....	20.....	Lieut. S. Osborn.
7. " " <i>Intrepid</i> , (screw steamer).....	38.....	Lieut. Cator.
8. <i>The Lady Franklin</i>	35.....	Mr. Penny.
9. <i>Sophia</i> , (tender to the above).....	22.....	Mr. Stewart.
10. U. S. brig <i>Advance</i>	90.....	Lieut. De Haven.
11. U. S. vessel <i>Rescue</i>	13.....	Mr. S. P. Griffin.
12. (English) <i>Felix Yacht</i>	Capt. Sir John Ross.
13. " <i>Mary</i> , (tender to the <i>Felix</i>).....	Com. Saunders.
14. " <i>North Star</i>	18.....	Com. Forsythe.
15. " <i>Prince Albert</i>	Com. Forsythe.

The above is a formidable array; and when we read the efforts made by each vessel, the self-sacrifice, and the perils which they barely escaped with life, we are compelled to exclaim, "*There is no hope!*"

In the spring of 1849 *Lady Franklin* made an appeal to American sympathy in a touching letter to the President of the United States, and which should be inserted entire did space permit. After detailing the efforts made by her own Government and the assistance promised by Russia, she pleads earnestly that there should be American action "in a national spirit." This was answered by the Secretary of State—Hon. John M. Clayton—in a delicate and admirable manner, pledging all the aid the executive government could render, "in the exercise of its constitutional powers," to "rescue your husband and his companions." Subsequently she addressed a second letter to the President. The Executive, however, had no authority to build vessels suited to such a voyage, and was obliged to forego action till the meeting of Congress.

Meanwhile Mr. Henry Grinnell, a worthy and wealthy merchant of New York, with his own means, built two small vessels, and tendered them to the Government of the United States, that they might be officered and manned by competent seamen and scientific explorers, and more especially that the crews might be under United States naval discipline. The proposition was favorably reported

to Congress, and resolutions passed both houses receiving the vessels on Mr. Grinnell's proposition.

The vessels were brigantines—the *Advance* one hundred and forty-four tons, the *Rescue* ninety-one—and cost the donor \$30,000. The *Advance* was manned by twenty men; the *Rescue* by eighteen. The expedition was placed under the command of Lieutenant De Haven, a young man, but one of good judgment and undaunted intrepidity. The result demonstrated the wisdom of the selection. His officers were Mr. Murdoch, sailing-master, Dr. E. K. Kane, surgeon and naturalist, and Mr. Lovell, midshipman. The *Rescue* was under command of Mr. Griffin. The expedition was singularly fortunate in its historian, if not in the main object for which it sailed. Dr. Kane's book, descriptive of Arctic scenery and their expedition generally, is one of the works you must read through before you can put it down.

The little vessels cleared from New York May 23, 1850, and were absent sixteen months. When they reached Melville Bay—also called the *Devil's Nip*—the seamen began to witness the grandeur and peril of Arctic scenery. Masses of ice came around them—rolling, dashing, and grinding—occasionally, as if in mere sport, throwing one of the vessels almost on its beam ends, but by using saws, axes, ice anchors, and ropes they kept afloat.

They had on one of the ships a French cook, always on the *qui vive*, bouncing hither and thither with all the agility of his skipping, bouncing race. Aiming one day to make himself useful as well as ornamental, he mounted a berg, and was cutting a place for the anchor, when, *presto*, the whole mass split open, and down went the professor of gastronomy into the water—thirty feet fall before he reached it, and then as much farther as specific gravity and momentum would carry him. Luckily the mass did not immediately close up, and poor *monsieur* was fished up, half dead with fright and cooled "slightly."

On the 7th of June they became locked in, and so remained till July 23d, amusing themselves with foot-races, theatricals, bear-shooting, and running from wounded bears, etc. While here they were joined by the *Prince Albert*, Captain Forsythe. August 7th they reached Cape Dudley Digges, and beheld with wonder the "crimson cliffs"—cliffs of dark brown stone, covered with snow which bears a crimson hue. The vessels beat onward to Wolstenholme Sound, and, standing toward the south-west, emerged from the fields of ice into the open waters of Lancaster Sound. Here they were parted by a severe storm, August 18th. The *Advance* made her way to Barrow's Straits, when they again found the *Prince Albert*. Captain Forsythe had been disappointed in finding an outlet, and determined to sail for home. The two vessels remained together a day or two and separated—the *Albert* homeward bound, the *Advance* determined to go ahead. Off Leopold Island the *Advance* gave the *John Bulls* a taste of its quality; the occurrence

* See Repository next month.

is thus described by one of the attaches of the Prince Albert—Mr. Snow—who chanced to be on the deck of the *Advance* at the time: "The way was before them—the stream of ice had to be either gone through boldly, or a long *detour* made; and despite the heaviness of the stream, *they pushed the vessel through in her proper course*. Two or three shocks as she came in contact with some large pieces were unheeded; and the moment the last block was past the bow, the officer sang out, 'So: steady as she goes on her course,' and came aft as if nothing more than ordinary sailing had been going on. I observed our own little bark following nobly in the American's wake; and, as I afterward learned, she got through it pretty well, though not without much doubt of the propriety of keeping on in such procedure after the 'mad Yankee,' as he was called by our mate." The affair reminds us decidedly of two school-boys jumping into the creek in mid-winter with the exclamation, "We won't take a dare!"

Near Cape Riley the *Rescue* overtook her consort, and they here fell in with a portion of an English exploration. Together the explorers of both nations proceeded on their work of love. On the east side of Wellington Channel—Beechey Island or Cape—they found in a cove unmistakable evidence that Sir John and his company had been there in April, 1846. They found a piece of canvas bleached to snowy whiteness, marked with the name of the *Terror*. Near by was a prostrate guide-board, and a number of tin cannisters, such as were used for packing meats; remnants of clothing, patched and threadbare, part of a wool-lined India-rubber glove, some old sacks, a tub partly full of charcoal, and an unfinished rope-mat showed that those whom they sought had been there and had departed in haste.

In a small sheltered cove they found the most touching traces of the lost seamen. These were three graves, with a board at the head of each, with the name of the sleeper. There they were; the hardy sailors stood and gazed silently, tearfully, on the British graveyard—the English cemetery in the Arctic Ocean. American and English read reverently the inscriptions:

"Sacred to the memory of JOHN TORRINGTON, who departed this life January 1, A. D. 1846, on board her Majesty's ship *Terror*, aged 20 years."

"Sacred to the memory of JOHN HARTNELL, A. B. of her Majesty's ship *Erebus*; died January 4, 1846, aged 25 years. 'Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways.' Haggai, chap. i, 5, 7."

"Sacred to the memory of W. BRAINE, R. M. of her Majesty's ship *Erebus*, who died April 3, 1846, aged 32 years. 'Choose you this day whom you will serve.' Joshua, chap. xxiv, part of the 15th verse."

From these graves there were sledge tracks toward the north—and no more could be ascertained. How long they remained after the 3d of April none can tell.

The American vessel reached Barrow's Inlet on September 4, 1850, and narrowly escaped being frozen in. After remaining seven or eight days they abandoned the effort to enter, and moved slowly westward, "battling with ice every rod of the way." On the 11th they reached Griffin's Island, 96 degrees west longitude from Greenwich. They could go no farther west. They turned eastward, hoping to reach Davis Strait, on their homeward way, by the southern route, before the darkness of Polar winter.

They could not. They were hemmed in, near the mouth of Wellington Channel, by hummock ice, and were being resistlessly floated with the frozen mass toward the Pole.

And now Polar darkness began to shroud them. Every day they drifted north, and every day the thermometer sank lower. They were liable to be crushed any instant in the compact mass of moving ice. Small was their hope of reaching home. They kept cheerful, and made preparation for winter comfort and amusement as tranquilly as if lying in Barrow's Inlet.

Before the last of October the sun paid them his last visit for the season, and went into winter quarters. Polar night was around them. The mercury congealed, and the spirit thermometer showed 46 degrees below zero. They drifted up Wellington Channel almost to where Captain Penny supposed he beheld the Polar basin, and where "there is a more genial clime than between the Arctic Circle and seventy-fifth degree." *Almost there*, suddenly the mighty tide ebbed, and back, back, resistlessly floated the vessels through Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound! For five months the pressure of ice kept the *Advance* "elevated seven feet by the stern, and keeled two feet, eight inches, starboard." Thus they drifted along the south-west coast of Baffin's Bay more than a thousand miles from Wellington Channel.

The night lasted eleven weeks. It was not altogether darkness. *Aurora borealis* streamed with its luster high up that northern sky, and, stranger still, *Aurora Parhelica* dotted the starry dome with mock suns and moons. "Brilliant, too, were the northern constellations; and when the real moon was at its full, it made its stately circuit in the heavens without descending below the horizon, and lighted up the vast piles of ice with a pale luster, almost as great as the morning twilight of more genial skies."

They passed the time in amusements in the ships and on the ice. Five hours of each twenty-four they spent in the open air, drawing sledge-loads of provisions taken from the carcass of the shaggy-vested Polar bear, skating, ball-playing, etc. Once a week each man washed his body in snow water. Thus sickness was avoided.

Many were their dangers, and imminent also. On the 23d of January the crushing ice threatened to grind the sturdy vessels into destruction. They were ninety miles from land. They loaded their

sledges with provisions; lowered their boats; their officers and crews stood on the ice, holding the ropes of the sledges in their hands, watching their much-loved ships. Suddenly, in terrific violence, burst upon them a north-eastern gale, shrouding them in a dense snow-drift. Had the vessels then gone down, they must *all have perished*. But God, the Omnipotent, reigneth! He held their lives in his hand, and by the strength of his arm were they upheld.

On the 18th February three hearty cheers from both crews greeted the golden rim of the sun, as it came up from behind ice-mountains and glittering snow-drifts.

The vessels continued to drift through Davis Straits till the 6th of June, when the ice gave way. This event had been anticipated, and due preparation made. But the suddenness of the "break up" had not been anticipated. A peculiar cracking was heard; all hands were on the look-out; another and another, and, lo! the vast field in which they had been imprisoned so many long months was rent in all directions. About forty-eight hours were spent in cutting loose the ice which clung to the stern of the *Advance*, and the ships were again afloat. The glad shouts of the men may be imagined. They entered open water June 10th, in latitude 65 degrees, 30 minutes, north.

The vessels repaired to Godhaven on the Greenland coast, where they refitted. This done, they again turned northward, determined to make another effort to reach the Pole. They traversed the coast of Greenland to the seventy-third degree. They then bore westward, and on the 11th of July, at Baffin's Island, fell in with their old acquaintance, Prince Albert, which was out on another cruise.

Lieutenant De Haven pressed on till August 3d, when, finding the north and west closed against him, he determined to sail homeward. He had done all that he could—done bravely and well. The vessels bounded over the waves as though themselves conscious that they were "hieving to a quiet home."

Off Newfoundland a severe storm parted the ships. The *Advance* reached Brooklyn safely September 30th, and the *Rescue* a few days afterward. The expedition returned without losing a single man!

In October the vessels were returned to Mr. Grinnell by the Government, with the proviso that they were to be surrendered to the Secretary of the Navy the following spring, "if required for another expedition in search of Sir John Franklin."

Reader, do you not err when you say that Selfishness is a *universal* despot? Dr. Thomson has said the "history of modern missions has furnished an appendix to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews." Has not the search for Sir John Franklin added another chapter to the—alas! too meager—history of BROTHERLY LOVE?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FINAL FAREWELL.

BY C. C. BEDRELL.

SOLEMN scene, though full of blessing,
When the loved of earth depart;
Weeping friends and friends caressing
Tend to melt and soothe the heart.

In the overflow of feeling,
In the heavings of the soul,
All the depths of love revealing,
While the tears of anguish roll,

Do we see the fond affections
Growing stronger in the strife,
And the native predilections
Interwoven with the life.

But the heart is nigh to breaking,
And the deeper feelings swell,
As the preparation's making
For the final, sad farewell.

Yet the thought—the thought of meeting,
When this changeful life is o'er,
And the welcome, blissful greeting
On the bright, immortal shore,

Calm and soothe the deep emotion,
And dispel the heavy gloom,
While we view the blissful portion,
And the triumph o'er the tomb.

CONFESSION.

BY ALICE GARY.

To be unpitied, to be weary,
To feel the nights, the daytimes dreary,
To find nor bread nor wine that's cheery,
To live apart;
To be unneighborred, among neighbors
Sharing the burdens and the labors,
Never to have the songs or labors
Gladden the heart;

To be a penitent forever
And yet a sinner, never, never
At peace with the divine Forgiver;
Always at prayer—
Longing for mercy's white pavilion,
Yet all the while a stubborn alien,
Uprising hourly in rebellion
Heaven, hell, to dare;

To feel all thoughts alike unholy,
To count all pleasures but as folly,
To mope in ways of melancholy
Devoid of calm—
To be a gleaner, not a reaper,
A scorner proud, a humble weeper,
And of no heart to be the keeper,
Is what I am.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

A NIGHTLESS HEAVEN.—“*There shall be no night there.*”—Rev. xxi, 25.

My soul, is it night with thee here? Art thou wearied with these midnight tossings on life's tumultuous sea? Be still; the day is breaking; soon shall thy Lord appear. “His going forth is prepared as the morning.” That glorious appearing shall disperse every cloud, and usher in an eternal noontide which knows no twilight. “Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light.” Everlasting light! Wondrous secret of a nightless world; the glories of a present God; the everlasting light of the Three in One, quenching the radiance of all created orbs, superseding all material luminaries. “My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.” The haven is nearing; star after star is quenched in more glorious effulgence; every bound over these dark waves is bringing thee nearer the eternal shore. Wilt thou not, then, humbly and patiently endure weeping for the night, in the prospect of the joy that cometh in the morning? Strange realities: a world without a night, a firmament without a sun: and, greater wonder still, *thyself* in this world, a joyful denizen of this nightless, sinless, sorrowless, tearless heaven, basking underneath the Fountain of uncreated light! No exhaustion of glorified body and spirit to require repose; no lassitude or weariness to suspend the ever-deepening song, “*They rest not.*” “*Remember this word unto thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*”

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.—He endeavors continually to walk with God, and to have his conversation in heaven; so that in the midst of company, and in his converse among men, he often lifts up his mind in holy aspirations and ejaculations to heaven. Philippians iii, 20.

He walks in a lively sense of God's omniscience and omnipresence, and prefers the will and favor of God before that of men. Psalm cxxxix.

He endeavors that his prayers be as frequent as his wants, and his thanksgiving as his blessings. 1 Timothy iv, 4, 5.

To advance the glory of his Maker is the very center of all his actions; and the doing his will the very joy of his soul; and the conversion of sinners his great delight. Psalm xi, 8.

As his love is wholly fixed upon God, which is an infinite good, so his hatred has no other object but sin, which is an infinite evil. Psalm xiv, 7.

The virtuous and wise are his only guests, which makes him a companion of those that love God, and his delight is among the saints. Psalm cxix, 68.

He strives more to be grave and modest than to have the reputation of being accounted witty. Ephesians v, 15.

He is not only careful of his time, but of his com-

pany, too; and is more anxious to know himself than to know others. 1 Corinthians v, 11.

He abhors the thought of undermining his neighbor, or cheating the ignorant; and is ever striving to be a stranger to envy and malice. 1 Corinthians xiv, 20.

He follows not the opinion or example of the worst, but of the best Christians. Philippians iii, 17.

He is so good a husband of his time, as to improve it in doing good to himself and others; for he sees the most busy man must find a time to die, though he will not find a time to prepare for it. Luke xxi, 34.

He cheerfully resigns his will to the Divine will of his Father who is in heaven; for he knows that all things come by his decree or wise permission. Job i, 21.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.—In the sermon on the Mount, our Lord says, “Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain.” We can all of us easily understand the other part of this command, that when struck on one cheek, we should in humility offer the other; because, unfortunately, we know what striking is. But many must have wondered what can have given rise to the command of going a second mile with the violent man who has already compelled you to go one mile. Nobody now, in this country, is ever injured by such treatment. But we learn from coins and inscriptions, that the couriers in the service of the Roman government had the privilege of traveling through the provinces free of expense, and of calling upon the villagers to forward their carriages and baggage to the next town. Under a despotic government, this became a cruel grievance. Every Roman of high rank claimed the same privilege; the horses were unyoked from the plow to be harnessed to the rich man's carriage. It was the most galling injustice which the provinces suffered. We have an inscription on the frontier town of Egypt and Nubia, mentioning its petition for a redress of this grievance; and a coin of Nerva's records its abolition in Italy. Our Lord could give no stronger exhortation to patient humility than by advising his Syrian hearers, instead of resenting the demand for one stage's “vehiculation,” to go willingly a second stage.

THE MANY MANSIONS.—“*In my Father's house are many mansions.*”—John xiv, 2.

What a home aspect there is in this “word of Jesus!” He comforts his Church by telling them that soon their wilderness wanderings will be finished—the tented tabernacle suited to their present probation state exchanged for the enduring “mansion!” Nor will it be any strange dwelling: a Father's home—a Father's welcome awaits them. There will be accommodation for all. Thousands have already entered its shining gates—patriarchs, prophets, saints, martyrs, young and old, and still there is room!

The pilgrim's motto on earth is, "Here we have no continuing city." Even "Sabbath tents" must be struck. Holy seasons of communion must terminate. "Arise, let us go hence!" is a summons which disturbs the sweetest moments of tranquillity in the Church below; but *in heaven* every believer becomes a pillar in the temple of God, and he shall *go no more out.*" Here it is but the lodging of a wayfarer turning aside to tarry for the brief night of earth. Here we are but "tenants at will;" our possessions are but movables—ours to-day, gone to-morrow. But these "many mansions" are an inheritance incorruptible and unfading. Nothing can touch the heavenly patrimony. Once within the Father's house, and we are in the house forever!

Think, too, of Jesus, gone to *prepare* these mansions—"I go to prepare a place for you." What a wondrous thought—Jesus now busied in heaven in his Church's behalf! He can find no abode in all his wide dominions, befitting as a permanent dwelling for his ransomed ones. He says, "I will make a new heavens and a new earth. I will found a special kingdom—I will rear eternal mansions expressly for those I have redeemed with my blood!"

Reader, let the prospect of a dwelling in this "house of the Lord forever," reconcile thee to any of the roughness or difficulties in thy present path—to thy pilgrim provision and pilgrim fare. Let the distant beacon light, that so cheerily speaks of a *home* brighter and better far than the happiest of earthly ones, lead thee to forget the intervening billows, or to think of them only as wafting thee nearer and nearer to thy desired haven! "Would," says a saint, who has now entered on his rest, "that one could read, and write, and pray, and eat and drink, and compose one's self to sleep, as with the thought—soon to be in heaven, and that forever and ever!"

"My Father's house!" How many a departing spirit has been cheered and consoled by the sight of these glorious mansions looming through the mists of the dark valley—the tears of weeping friends rebuked by the gentle chiding—"If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto *my Father!*" Death truly is but the entrance to this our Father's house. We speak of the "*shadow of death*"—it is only the shadow which falls on the portico as we stand for a moment knocking at the longed-for gate—the next! a Father's voice of welcome is heard—"Son! thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

THE LOST ARROW.—A boy once shot an arrow in the air. So lofty was its flight, that he lost sight of it in the clouds, and failed to detect the place of its descent. Long time he searched in vain around the meadow, and, at last, went home mourning the loss of his arrow. Years passed away. The boy became a man. After many wanderings, he revisited the haunts of his boyhood. Walking around the meadow, he gazed upon a venerable oak, whose wide-spreading branches had frequently sheltered him, in his boyhood, from the rays of the sultry sun. Full of old memories, he paused till his eyes rested upon a feather, which protruded from a hollow in the tree. He drew it forth, and with it the identical arrow which years before he mourned as lost!

And is it not thus with the efforts of God's chil-

dren! They speak in the ears of sinners, they bestow a tract, they utter an exhortation, or, if in the ministry, preach a sermon. They strive to watch the flight of their shaft. Vain endeavor! They can not track it as it enters the mysterious regions of the mind; and they, too, often foolishly deem it lost. But it is not so. It has done its work; and either in the future years of time, or in eternity, that effort, like the long-lost arrow, shall come back to the bosom of its owner, bringing with it a blessing, even the reward of a duty faithfully performed.

It is said of Dr. Coke that, while journeying in America, he once attempted to ford a river; but his horse lost its foothold and was carried down the stream. The Doctor narrowly escaped drowning by clinging to a bough, which overhung the river-side. A lady, in the vicinity, gave him entertainment in his distress; sent messengers after his horse; and did him much kindness. When he left her roof, he gave her a *tract!*

For five years the good Doctor toiled on in the cause of God in England and America. Whether his tract had been destroyed, or had pierced a human heart, he knew not—nay, he had forgotten its gift. But one day, on his way to a conference, a young man approached him, and requested the favor of a brief conversation. "Do you remember, sir, being nearly drowned in — river some five years ago?"

"I remember it quite well," replied the Doctor.

"Do you recollect the widow lady, at whose house you were entertained, after escaping from the river?"

"I do, and never shall I forget the kindness she showed me."

"And do you also remember giving her a tract, when you bade her farewell?"

"I do not; but it is very possible I did so."

"Yes, sir, you did leave a tract. That lady read it, and was converted. She loaned it to her neighbors, and many of them were converted, too. Several of her children were also saved. A society was formed, which flourishes to this day."

This statement moved the Doctor to tears. But the young man, after a brief pause, resumed, saying: "I have not quite told you all; I am her son. That tract led me to Christ. And now, sir, I am on my way to conference to seek admission as a traveling preacher."

Thus did the good Dr. Coke find his arrow in an unexpected hour. And thus will your shafts come back to you, Christian, in due season. Courage, therefore, drooping friend! Weep not over any apparent want of success! But as you have learned to labor, so learn also to wait. Only see to it, that you toil on in faith, and wait in hope.—*Precious Lessons.*

MAN AND ADVERSITY.—The frosts of adversity operate upon the true-hearted Christian. In other words, they develop virtues in his character which would otherwise have never appeared. Where the true stamina of piety are not found, the man often sinks at once when smitten: his hopes die, and his affections are dried up: and he becomes the prey of despondency, if not of despair, the wreck of what he once was; a withered monument of a broken heart. He resembles the tree blasted by the lightning or scathed by fire. But he who views his chastisements as the necessary inflictions of his heavenly

Father, and intended for his best good, desires and aims that they shall produce their appropriate effects. And they do develop in brighter colors, like the foliage of autumn, his Christian virtues—his sweet submission—his deep humility—his expanding charity—his long forbearance—his humble gratitude—his unaffected kindness—in short, his ardent love to God and man. Instead of being crushed by the load of sorrow, or frozen into a petrification, he bears up nobly under the load, and shoots forth many a new trait of character, that blossoms in beauty, and bears fruit in abundance. His virtues never would have shone so brightly, had not adversity touched his heart with her icy hand. Those virtues do, indeed, make us feel that the man is ripening too fast for heaven to continue long below; just as the variegated splendors of an autumnal forest tell us of approaching winter. But it is not the less interesting, because the Christian exhibits more and more of the spirit of heaven. He may die unto the world, but he will live unto God.—*Euthanasia of Autumn.*

ON SETTING THE LORD ALWAYS BEFORE US.—“*I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.*”—*Psalms xvi, 8.*

We set any object before us, when we keep our eye and our thoughts fixed upon it; and always before us, when we do this habitually. The Lord is always present, always before us, always on our right hand and on our left, whether we think of him or not; but to set him before us is to realize his presence and trust in his protection. This the Psalmist could say that he did, and his example should encourage and excite us to the same. His song in the house of his pilgrimage was, “I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.” The meaning obviously is, “I have put myself under his guidance and protection. This I do always, wherever I go and to whatever dangers and temptations I may be exposed. I place no dependence upon my own wisdom or strength. My trust is in the Lord alone. He is ever with me, and I rely upon his great and precious promises. Come what will, as long as he is on my right hand, though earth and hell should conspire against me, I will not be afraid—I shall not be moved.”

This pious trust and confidence every Christian may enjoy who will set the Lord always before him. God is as ready to help the weakest of his children as he was the sweet Psalmist of Israel. Let us avail ourselves of this high privilege. How much we should prize the privilege of having a friend of extraordinary wisdom, and the ample resources and ability, always near; ever ready to give us his advice and aid, to stimulate us to duty; to encourage us in despondency; to hold us up when we are ready to stumble and fall; to ward off impending dangers of which we might not be aware, and to stand by us in every trying emergency! We may have infinitely more by setting the Lord always before us.

Let us live habitually as in his immediate presence. Never let us engage in any business or enterprise, without consulting him in humble, confiding prayer. In our journeys, whether on the land or the water, let us set the Lord always before us, going and

returning. If ready to be drawn “away of our own lusts and enticed,” let us set the Lord before us; remembering that his eye is upon us and his frown hangs over us. If assaulted by our great adversary, let us set the Lord before us, and boldly say, “Get thee behind me, Satan;” “The Lord is my strength; because he is my right hand, I shall not be moved.”

O, how much of happiness and security do most professed Christians lose by not setting the Lord always before them! What ingratitude to him who offers to “guide us all the journey through!” How great the sin and folly, as well as peril, of going on without him! They, and they alone, are truly safe and happy, who can say with the Psalmist, “I have set the Lord always before me.”

THOUGHTS THAT CHEER THE CHRISTIAN.—How very cheering the thought that Jesus sympathizes with all our joys and sorrows! The great demand of human nature is the demand for sympathy. Men must have it, or they can not be happy, however extensive their possessions or high their rank. But how little sympathy is to be found among men! How precious the thought that our Savior sympathizes with every joy and every sorrow! Christians, do you sometimes feel that you are alone, and that there are none who care for you? You are mistaken. You forget that Jesus is ever by your side; that he approves every innocent smile, and notices every falling tear, and feels for you a love and sympathy that no finite mind can measure.

How cheering the thought that God reigns! The nations are perplexed and troubled, the foundations of the earth are out of course, the wisdom seems to be of no avail and the strong man is a child: still we can look upon the troubled scene without fear, for God reigns. Not a hair of our heads falls to the ground without his notice, and the resources of Omnipotence are pledged to cause all things to work together for our good.

How cheering the thought that death is going home! He who has been an exile in a strange land rejoices at the sight of a vessel which is to bear him to his native shores, where he shall again enter the paternal mansion, and receive the welcome of loved ones there. Death, rightly viewed, is the messenger who is to conduct us to our home in heaven, where brethren who have gone before us are waiting to welcome us—where Jesus is, who has gone to prepare a mansion for us. How sweet the thought, in a few years more, perhaps in a few days, I shall be safe in heaven!

ELEMENTS OF A GOOD ACTION.—Three things enter into the composition of a good action, Scripturally so considered: these are, a right *principle*, a right *rule*, and a right *end*.

The right principle is the love of God, 2 Cor. v, 14, 15.

The right rule is the word of God, 2 Tim. iii, 16, 17.

The right end is the glory of God, 1 Cor. x, 31.

FLYING TO CHRIST.—The Rev. David Dickson, professor of divinity in Edinburgh, being asked, when on his death-bed, how he found himself, answered, “I have taken my good deeds and bad deeds, and thrown them together in a heap, and fled from them both to Christ, and in him I have peace.”

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

BAYARD TAYLOR.—This gentleman, in his work on Central Africa, sneers at the idea of any such thing as conscience, "as defined by sectarians and bigots," existing in the moral constitution of man. He also takes occasion to argue that the human race existed over fifty thousand years ago on the earth, that the Bible is not to be trusted, and that the "beginning as well as the end of man is wrapped in interminable darkness and mystery." Mr. Taylor is quite a young man as yet, and may be, as he grows older, he will learn more about God and religion than he knows now. One of the greatest of England's philosophers said, that up to his thirtieth year he himself thought he knew every thing, but when he became forty years of age he found he knew nothing.

NEW WEATHER-GLASS.—For some years I have been in the habit of watching the condition of the gum in my wife's camphor bottle, which stands in our bed-room; and when not disturbed, it makes a capital weather-glass. It answers my purpose as well as a barometer that would cost me twenty-five or fifty dollars. When there is to be a change of weather from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes of the gum will rise up; and sometimes, when there was to be a great storm, I have seen them at the top. When they settle down clearly at the bottom, then we are sure of grand weather. Any farmer who will watch his wife's camphor bottle for a season will never have occasion to watch the birds, or locusts, or ants, for indications of a change in the weather.—*London Journal.*

CHURCHES IN SCOTLAND.—The number of sects in Scotland is 25. The Established Church, all told, has 1,188 houses of worship; the Free Church, 889; United Presbyterian Church, 465; Congregationalists, 192; the Wesleyans, though numbering four branches, make but a small figure relatively; the Established Church is in a complete minority. The houses of worship belonging to the various bodies of Dissenters number 2,212, while the Establishment has 1,188.

OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANS.—Connected with the Old School Presbyterian Church in the United States are 28 Synods, 146 Presbyteries, 2,208 ministers, 8,976 churches, and 225,404 members. During the year ending in May there were 13,433 persons admitted into Church membership on examination, and 8,797 by certificate. The amount of money contributed for miscellaneous purposes was \$193,209; for missions, 435,584; and for congregational and Presbyterian purposes, \$1,407,931; total, \$2,036,724.

NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Connected with the New School Church are 28 Synods, 208 Presbyteries, 1,562 ministers, 1,661 churches, and 141,477 communicants. There were added, during the last year, on examination 5,770, and by letter 5,055. For publishing purposes there was contributed \$32,995; for education, \$96,435; for foreign missions, \$57,614; and for domestic missions, 101,555; total, \$288,599.

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR.—The nearest fixed star to the earth is two hundred and six thousand times

the distance of the sun from the earth. Light, which travels 192,000 miles a second, would require more than three years to reach us from that star.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.—The sum of \$114,354 was contributed the last year to the treasury of the American Baptist Missionary Union by 306,992 members, making the average per member about 31 cents.

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.—The thirty-fifth annual conference of this body, held in Manchester, England, in June last, exhibited a decrease for the previous twelve months of 1,020. The entire membership is now just 99,000.

METHODIST NEW CONNECTION.—This body held its fifty-seventh conference in Halifax, England, June 5th. Lay delegation is a prominent feature. Decrease for the year about 300. Present total membership 20,000.

AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY.—The results reached in the twenty-two years' existence of the American Baptist Home Mission Society are as follows: 1,996 missionaries have been employed among the destitute; 22,000 have been baptized; 900 Churches organized; 500 young men brought into the ministry; 20,000 children gathered into the Sabbath schools, and the Gospel preached in 14 different languages.

ROMISH MISSIONS.—From the report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, it appears that the Society has spent about four millions and a half of francs during the year, and that one million has been spent in America. So that America is one of the principal fields for the operations of this Society. Yet while the Romish Church in America receives a million from this charity fund, Romanism is here making a great loss. Thousands on thousands of the immigrants hither are lost to Romanism. If this is a specimen of the fruits of her missions throughout the world, she has little to boast of.

RELIGION IN CALIFORNIA.—There are at present no less than twenty churches in San Francisco, in all of which Divine service is performed regularly every Sunday. There are in the city about nine thousand professed members pertaining to these twenty churches.

EXETER HALL.—This Hall, situated in London, is used for great public meetings, missionary and Bible anniversaries, etc. It is, of course, not in good odor with the Romanists, and the latest exhibition of mean, low spleen which we have seen in regard to the Hall from a Catholic pen is the following, which may be found in the August number of the Tablet, a Dublin Romish journal: "Exeter Hall is a building in London, devoted to purposes of murderous malignity and internecine hate by a set of persons whose hearts are as cess-pools and their minds rat-holes."

NEW WAY OF RAISING MONEY.—We observe that one or two Episcopal associations in the east are obtaining subscriptions of \$5, \$50, and \$500, with which to purchase western lands on speculation, specially

lands in Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska. When the country becomes settled somewhat, and these lands are increased in value, they are to be sold or leased, and the profits applied to the support of the Gospel or to church building.

ENGLISH CENSUS.—In third class stand the learned professions—clergy, lawyers, and medical practitioners. Of these the respective numbers are: Clergy—of all sects—80,047; lawyers, 18,424; medical men, 22,388.

GRAY'S ELEGY.—A note from our English correspondent—Rev. J. T. Barr—states, that the manuscript of Gray's immortal Elegy in a Country Church-Yard was recently purchased for five hundred dollars, by a Mr. Penn, of Stoke Pogis, where Gray's own remains now slumber. The manuscript is full of various readings, illustrative of the fastidious taste of the poet, who seems never to have been weary of the labors of the file.

BALDNESS.—Numerous of our exchanges state that more young men are getting bald in the present generation than ever before. The cause is ascribed to the close, unventilated, and unventilating silk and fur hats worn.

COPPERAS AS A DEODORIZER.—An intelligent correspondent of an English journal recommends sulphate of iron, or what is better known as green copperas, as an effectual destroyer of bad odors, whether in sick rooms or elsewhere. He says it can be purchased for about one-third of a penny per pound, or sixty shillings a tun; and that one pound dissolved in two or three gallons of water will at once deodorize and render harmless the most offensive cess-pool or drain. Its use in the sick room would be attended with highly satisfactory results.

LIGHTNING STROKES.—A correspondent of the Scientific American condemns the practice of throwing cold water upon persons struck by lightning, unless it be immediately after the event, and before the temperature of the body has become materially reduced. He recommends in cases of delay—that is, an hour or two after a person has been struck—to place the body in a blood-warm bath, and then deplete the system by blood-letting.

CLASS MEETINGS.—The late Wesleyan conference, held in Birmingham, England, expressed a decided opinion in reference to keeping up the institution of class meetings in the Church. "If these go down," was the language expressed, "so also will the spirituality and power of the Church go down." The decrease in membership among the British Wesleyans the year past was a little over 7,000.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.—A lot on the Public Square, north of the City Hotel, Nashville, has been purchased by the Book Agents for Book Concern purposes. On the rear of the lot, and immediately on the bluff of the river, there is erected a very large and most substantial building, four stories high, made of massive stone-work and brick, covered with copper, all nearly new. This, with some slight modifications, it is believed will be admirably adapted to manufacturing purposes. The front has two stores, which are in good repair, and will answer for sale-rooms, offices, etc., for the pres-

ent, but will, in a short time, be superseded by new buildings suited to the wants of the establishment. The cost of the lot and buildings is \$30,000, of which sum the citizens of Nashville propose paying a liberal part.

THE COPY-RIGHT QUESTION.—The final decision of the highest legal tribunal in England, in the case of *Jeffreys vs. Boosey*, has been rendered. It seems now to be settled as law that no foreigner can hold a copy-right, except by becoming a resident temporarily. All past copy-rights held thus by foreigners go for naught. Several cheap publishing-houses have already intimated their intention to bring out editions of Prescott, Bancroft, Longfellow, Halleck, etc.

ANDOVER SEMINARY.—The triennial catalogue of Andover Theological Seminary published this year, shows a total of 1,177; deceased, 284; foreign missionaries, 106; ministers and missionaries, west of the state of New York, 170; presidents and professors of colleges, 78. In the graduating class there were nineteen; in the two remaining classes thirty-two and twenty-nine.

THE SECESSION CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.—The number of persons in attendance upon the Established Church of Scotland on Sabbath morning, March 30, 1851, according to the census report, was 228,757; of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, 6,946; of the United Presbyterian Church, 143,443; of the Free Church, 255,482; showing a total of non-established Presbyterians of 405,871, against 228,757 of "Established" Presbyterians. A strong effort has recently been making by Sir George Sinclair, himself a Free Presbyterian, to have the Church of the Establishment and all the other Presbyterian Churches united; but we do not believe the scheme can succeed.

EARLY METHODISM IN INDIANA.—From the Annals of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the state of Indiana, by Rev. Aaron Wood, we learn that Indiana was organized as a territory in 1800, and that as early as 1802 the Methodist preachers visited some of the new settlements and formed societies. The Minutes for 1810 show three circuits, four preachers, and seven hundred and sixty members. Bishop Aabury first visited Indiana in 1808. Indianapolis was first settled in 1819, and the first Methodist Church was organized there two years after; and the first session of the Indiana conference was held at New Albany in 1832. There was in the territory in 1807 one circuit, one preacher, and sixty-seven members; twenty-five years after—that is, in 1832—there were thirty-three circuits, forty-four preachers, and seventeen thousand, six hundred members. The number of effective traveling preachers in the state is at present in the neighborhood of five hundred, and of Church members between 80,000 and 90,000.

HEDDING LITERARY INSTITUTE.—This is a new Seminary, established under the most favorable auspices, within the bounds of the New York conference. It is located at Ashland, Greene county, N. Y., in the midst of the sublime and picturesque scenery of the Catskills; but is of easy access, being only thirty miles from Catskill Landing on the Hudson river, with which place it is connected by a daily line of stages. Rev. T. B. Pearson, A. M., is Principal, assisted by an able board of teachers.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

THE MOUNT OF BLESSING; or, Lectures on the Beatitudes. By Rev. George C. Crum. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Pos. Price 60 cents.—This work, which we have already announced, is now on sale at the Western Book Concern. "The Beatitudes," to quote a portion of the author's preface, "have ever been admired. They show us so much of the Savior's heart; they so graphically pencil the characters he loves; they unseal such a full and sweet fountain of comfort, that a pious mind can not fail to realize both pleasure and profit in meditating upon them. They delineate character, they prompt us to an effort of imitation, and pronounce a blessing upon every humble and sincere endeavor." Bishop Morris furnishes his estimate of the volume in these words: "I take pleasure in expressing my decided approval of brother Crum's work. The topics chosen are of vital importance in the formation of Christian character; the style is admirably adapted to the subject; the principles laid down are evangelical, and a spirit of heavenly sweetness is diffused throughout the whole. To all who seek the path of life as marked out by Him who is the light of the world, these beautiful and instructive lectures are cheerfully recommended by me." Brother Crum has long been a member of the traveling connection in Ohio, and he wields a pen whose gracefulness and power is surpassed by few. We trust that our and his friends will give the "Beatitudes" a wide circulation.

PRACTICAL SERMONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. By Rev. D. D. Davison, of the Cincinnati Conference. Edited by W. P. Strickland, D. D. Cincinnati: Printed at the Methodist Book Concern for the Author. Price 50 cents.—This is a neat 16mo. of two hundred and twenty-seven pages, embracing fifteen discourses on the topics of Knowledge of Christ, Shortness of Time, Election, Perseverance, Walking with God, Salvation by Grace, etc. Brother Davison is in his sixty-eighth year, and has been forty years an itinerant Methodist preacher. His discourses are written in a plain, practical, common-sense style, and will do the heart good in the careful perusal.

PRECIOUS LESSONS FROM THE LIPS OF JESUS.—This is a charming little miniature volume from the pen of Rev. Daniel Wise. It contains twenty-one lessons, each headed by an appropriate text beautifully applied; and the discussion of each enlivened by apposite anecdotes and illustrations. It is "A Gift to my Christian Friend" that can not fail to be useful wherever it is read. On sale at the various Methodist bookstores.

GRATITUDE: an Exposition of the 108d Psalm. By Rev. John Stevenson. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1854. 12mo. 324 pp. For sale by Moore, Wiltach & Keys, Cincinnati.—This work contains a fine analysis of the 108d Psalm, exhibiting the causes of gratitude, and containing a call to universal gratitude. For this purpose the several clauses of the Psalm are used with fine effect.

MORNING AND EVENING EXERCISES.—The Messrs. Carter, of New York, have now completed their edition of this admirable work of William Jay. The Christian public are so well acquainted with its general character that commendation would be superfluous. It is equally well adapted to the family and the closet. In simplicity, beauty, and richness of both thought and style, it ranks high among the productions of its deservedly popular author.

FLORENCE EDGERTON; or, Sunshine and Gladness. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1854. 12mo. 392 pp. For sale by Moore, Wiltach & Keys, Cincinnati.—This is a well-written, pleasant "religious novel." We are not particularly pleased with this style of literature, but it appears to be the popular style of the age.

THE GENTILE NATIONS; or, the History and Religion of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, and Romans; collected from Ancient Authors and Holy Scriptures, and including the recent Discoveries in Egyptian, Persian, and Assyrian Inscriptions: forming a complete Connection of Sacred and Profane History, and showing the Fulfillment of Sacred Prophecy. By George Smith, F. A. S. New York: Carlton & Phillips.—We have given the full title of this able octavo work of six hundred and sixty-three pages, and shall hereafter endeavor to give a full notice of it. It is only necessary, meantime, to state, that Dr. Smith is author of the Hebrew People, the Patriarchal Age, etc., and that few of the age are his equals in scholarship and Biblical learning.

Among the new publications of the Methodist Book Concern, New York, we notice the following, the titles of which only we are able to furnish in this issue:

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY: A Vindication of the Divine Authority of the Christian Religion, grounded on the historical verity of the Life of Christ. By Wm. Lindsay Alexander, D. D. Pp. 314. 12mo.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF THE BIBLE. By Americus. Embellished with Engravings. 140 pp. 12mo.

STORIES OF THE NORSEMEN; or, Life-Pictures taken from the Period in which the Norwegians were connected, by Invasion and Colonization, with Great Britain and Ireland. 18mo. 258 pp.

KENNETT FORBES; or, Fourteen Ways of Studying the Bible. 298 pp. 18mo.

CHEERFUL CHAPTERS: Adapted to Youth, and not unsuited to Age. By Old Alan Gray. 18mo. 178 pp.

JAMES BAIRD; or, the Basket-Maker's Son. 18mo. 144 pp.

THE KITTEN IN THE WELL; or, One Sinner Destroyeth Much Good. By Father William.

MARY SEFTON; or, the Orphan Governess.

MARCEY, the Apple-Woman's Son. A True Narrative.

THE SINGING SCHOOL INSTRUCTION BOOK: Containing the Elements of Vocal Music, with a complete variety of Exercises for the Voice.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

RANDOLPH IN THE SENATE.—Randolph was terrible in his readiness in retort. As Whipple has observed in his Lectures, "No hyperbole of contempt or scorn could be launched against him, but he could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more brilliant bitterness."

"Isn't it a shame, Mr. President," said he, one day, in the senate, "that the noble bull-dogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Immediately the senate was in an uproar, and he was clamorously called to order. The presiding officer, however, sustained him; and, pointing his long skinny finger at his opponents, Randolph screamed out, "Rats, did I say?—*Mice, mice!*"

THE JUDGE AND THE CULPRIT.—Lord Chief Justice Holt, when young, was very extravagant, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took to an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged, on a certain occasion, at the Old Bailey, a man was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the Judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by that curiosity which is natural on a retrospection of past life, and thinking the fellow did not know him, Justice Holt asked what had become of such and such of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

THE QUAKER AND THE MAGISTRATE.—A Friend having been cited as an evidence at a quarter sessions, one of the magistrates, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat. "It is a privilege," said the Friend, "in which the laws and liberties of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking." "If I had it in my power," replied the justice, "I would have your hat nailed to your head." "I thought," said he, dryly, "that thou hadst given over the trade of driving nails."

DROWNED IN A MEDICINE CHEST.—The surgeon of an English ship of war used to prescribe salt water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened, by some mischance, to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars, next day, if he had heard any thing of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack, "he was drowned last night in his own medicine chest."

FOX AND JACK ROBINSON.—Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the house of commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exercised by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood that there was a person employed by the minister as *manager of the house of commons*. Here there was a general cry of, "Name him, name him." "No," said Mr. Fox, "I don't choose to name him, though I might do it as easily as to say Jack Robinson." John Robinson was really his name.

DUTY OF THE SWINISH MULTITUDE.—Soon after the appearance of Burke's work, in which the celebrated expression of "the swinish multitude," as applied to the lower grades of society, was used, a pamphlet was published in the form of a catechism, with a reference to the war then about to be commenced. The first question, "What is the first duty of a member of the swinish multitude?" was answered, "To save his bacon." A very good-humored reproof.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.—Those two celebrated divines and scholars, Drs. South and Sherlock, were once disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused his opponent of using his wit in the controversy. "Well," said South, "suppose that it had pleased God to give you wit, what would you have done?"

FERGUSON AND HIS WIFE.—James Ferguson and his wife led a cat-and-dog life, and she is not once alluded to in the philosopher's autobiography. About the year 1750, one evening, while he was delivering to a London audience a lecture on astronomy, his wife entered the room in a passion, and maliciously overturned several pieces of the apparatus; when all the notice Ferguson took of the catastrophe was the observation to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman."

HOW TO KNOW A WIFE'S BEAUTY.—When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

STRIKING A BARGAIN.—Aubrey, in his manuscript collections, relates that in several parts of England, when two persons are driving a bargain, one holds out his right hand, and says, "Strike me;" and if the other strikes, the bargain holds, whence the "striking bargain." The practice is retained in the mode of saying "Done," to a wager offered, at the same time striking the hand of the wagerer.

GOING SNACKS.—During the plague in London, a noted body-searcher lived, whose name was Snacks. His business increased so fast, that finding he could not compass it, he offered to any person who should join him in the hardened practice half the profits; thus those who joined him were said to go with Snacks. Hence, *going snacks* is dividing the spoil.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "TEXAS."—It has exceedingly puzzled many persons to determine the real meaning of the word *Texas*. It originated in a couplet used by the earlier emigrants to that "land of promise:"

"When every other land rejects us,
This is the soil that freely takes us."

The word *Texas* is a corruption of the phrase used in the last line.

A PARASITE.—It was shrewdly said of a notorious parasite and calumniator, "That fellow never opens his mouth but at somebody's expense."

Editor's Table.

WE herewith present our gatherings for the month. Most of the articles, it will be perceived, are original. We will leave our readers to pass their verdict upon them, not doubting what that verdict will be. With this number we also introduce a new contributor, whose pen will hereafter be employed to enrich the pages of the Repository. Read the article entitled "Now," by Virginia F. Townsend, and you will be able to form some estimate of the value of this new contributor. Several of our own preparations are unavoidably crowded out of the present number.

OUR ENGRAVINGS, too, will bear an examination. Bishop Hedding died in the city of Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson river, and was interred in the new and beautiful cemetery, situated near the city, on the banks of the Hudson, and commanding a view of the river and the hills west of it. The monument is a massive block of white marble—a more beautifully appropriate one can hardly be conceived of. The body was interred at the spot marked by the white stone in front. The monument was devised and erected by the executors of Bishop Hedding—Rev. L. M. Vincent and Rev. W. Jewett—and the inscription was prepared, at their request, by the writer. A finer specimen of letter engraving we have never seen; fine as are the letters, each one is expressed with perfect distinctness. The artist has taken the liberty, in order to give a full view of the inscription, to transfer the wreath, including the name, etc., to the opposite side of the monument from that on which it actually stands; but we are pleased to see that he has done this so skillfully that the symmetry and beauty of the whole is still preserved—nay, we believe most of our readers will think it is in the picture just where it ought to be in the original.

The view of the ruins of Baalbec is a much better view than has heretofore been given to the American public, and forms a very striking picture. This ancient city, the magnificent ruins of which have attracted so much attention in modern times, was situated in the well-watered and fertile valley of the Coele-Syria of the ancients, and is only about forty miles from Damascus. The city has gradually declined from its ancient grandeur till it has become a desolation. Its ruins are of the most massive character—some of the stones being over sixty feet in length and twelve feet in breadth and thickness. These ruins are of exquisite finish. Mr. Elliott says that no relic of antiquity can be placed in competition with them. The origin and history of the city are buried in the darkness of antiquity. We regret that our limited space will admit of no further notice of it.

CONTRIBUTIONS DECLINED.—The following articles have been carefully examined, and their publication is respectfully declined: "Remembered Love," "Night Thoughts," "Autumnal Foliage," "The Insect Creation," "Reveries," and "Magic." "Lines to a Friend near Death," "Our Little Willie," "Hymn of Life," "A Fragment," and "The Theme of Life," all con-

tain some good stanzas, and there is a harmony in many of the smoothly running lines; but there are frequent incongruities in the thought as well as the imagery. The following, from the "Theme of Life," is not bad:

"Ours is no dream! when rudely tempest-tost,
And ocean like a swaggering drunkard reels,
'Tis action trims the ship that cleaves the waves—
'Tis action cheats the Storm-king of his graves.
Life is no dream: 'tis stroke on stroke that tells
How Wrong goes down—death-oozing all his pores!
One hard, bold struggle, and the angel-bells
Of heaven ring down to us from watching shores,
And as our conquering feet keep holy time,
Those bells bright welcome us to better clime."

But we submit that there is more energy than poetry in the following:

"Our watchword, 'Fight!' our war-cry, 'Light!'
Great God, 'Light!' or we never yield!"

We have also received several poems and prose articles relating to the death of friends—some of them defective in measure, but others embody genuine poetry; some of them we would most cheerfully insert, but we can not consistently occupy much space with such articles.

STRAY GEMS.—Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed. . . . He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault. . . . To compliment vice is but one remove from worshipping the devil. . . . Conscience is a clock, which, in one man, strikes aloud and gives warning; in another the hands point silently to the figure, but strikes not; meantime, hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes the judgment!—*Bishop Taylor*. . . . Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death? . . . Difficulties are whetstones to sharpen our fortitude. . . . Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things. . . . The sun should shine on festivals, but the moon is the light for ruins. . . . A man is in the sight of God what his habitual and cherished wishes are. . . . Memory is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved. . . . Strain the bow, and the arrow swerves; such is the case with the mind. . . . As the storm which bruises the flower nourishes the tree, so absence, which starves a weak affection, strengthens a strong one. . . . The web of our life is a mingled yarn. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if not redeemed by our virtue.

THE NEXT VOLUME.—It may be well to remind our friends and patrons that one number more will complete the present volume. ENLARGEMENT and IMPROVEMENT of a very marked character has been determined upon, and we are now making arrangements to carry them into effect. Look out for the Circular which will accompany the next number. "Excelsior" is our motto.



